

SKETCHES  
OF THE  
FIRST REGIMENT GA. VOLS.

TOGETHER WITH  
THE HISTORY  
OF THE  
56th REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLS.,

TO JANUARY 1, 1864.

BY LIEUTENANT OSCAR A. CANTRELL.

*Price \$2.00.*

ATLANTA, GEORGIA:  
INTELLIGENCER STEAM POWER PRESSES.  
1864.

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*George Washington Flowers  
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FAMILY OF  
COLONEL FLOWERS

*I was a member of the 1st Ga. Regt.*  
*consider this - I was a very good one also*  
*and in the summer of Co C 24th Batt.*  
*Under Gen. Bragg and think that*  
*author deserves much credit.*  
*See Roll of*

# SKETCHES

OF THE

## FIRST REGIMENT GA. VOLS.

*Sam of a 1st Regt. of Ga. Vols.*  
TOGETHER WITH *Edw. Raper*

# THE HISTORY

125  
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OF THE

## 56th REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLS.,

TO JANUARY 1, 1864.

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ATLANTA, GEORGIA:  
INTELLIGENCER STEAM POWER PRESSES.  
1864.

TO  
EDWIN ROSCOE THORNTON,  
AS  
A PROOF OF UNTIRING FRIENDSHIP,  
AS WELL AS  
A HIGH OPINION OF HIM AS A LEARNED AND TALENTED YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

*This Work is Respectfully Dedicated,*

BY

THE AUTHOR.



## PREFACE.

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This narrative is a record of events selected from the Author's diary, the intention of which was not originally for publication, and in many places the language is adopted word for word as hurriedly written in the original memoranda after a hard day's march, consequently portions of this work reads as though it was a memoir of the Author, relating what he did as well as the regiment to which he belonged.

Had it not been for the solicitation of many friends, who witnessed many of the hardships and trying scenes, as described in this little work, it would have remained as originally intended, an obscure little manuscript, kept by the author for perusal at leisure moments.

That portion of this work termed "Sketches of the First Regiment Georgia Volunteers," is very imperfect, the Author having no notes to assist him, save those of memory, a few letters, however, are recorded, which were written to friends and afterwards appeared in some of the public journals of Georgia.

Throughout this narrative the word "boys" is frequently used, meaning soldiers not only of the First and Fifty-Sixth Georgia Regiments, but of the whole command.

In that portion of this work termed "History of the Fifty-Sixth Regiment Georgia Volunteers," we do not find a full and complete record of important and interesting events, such as might appear were the Author an historian, accompanying the army for the purpose of writing histories, but we find events recorded of minor importance, which, in many places, is done to show the manner in which the soldier passes his life, also to show what demoralizing influences attends his pathway.

There are several tricks recorded in this work, showing the shrewdness of soldiers in obtaining the property of others without paying for the same, such as the Christmas tricks at Chattanooga, and the potato trick at West-Point, and all others of a similar character, all of which were related to the Author by members of his regiment, while he was preparing this work for publication. Had he been a witness to this

roguery and robbing, it would have been his duty, as an officer of the Confederate Army, to have had the guilty parties arrested, and he most assuredly would have acted in accordance with his duty.

There was not much effort made to obtain facts concerning the siege of Vicksburg. It appears here just as it was penned by the Author during its progress. He obtained information from no one, describing only the particulars as seen by his own eye.

OSCAR ALEXANDER CANTRELL.

DALTON, GA., March, 1864.

# SKETCHES.

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## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTION.

EARLY in the year 1861, I plainly saw from the excitement which was spreading all over our land, that a bloody war between the North and South was inevitable. I well knew that we had a foe "whose vile passions were excited to vengeance, and whose wild ones were broken up to their depths, gushing forth sentiments corrupt and wicked. I knew, too, that the time was near at hand, when the South would take a bold stand and make it an issue, showing to the world that she respects what is right, and condemns what is wrong." My convictions being thus, I left home on the fourth day of June and proceeded to Newnan, Geo., and early the following morning eight young men, seven of whom were from Newnan, and myself from Campbellton was the eighth, stepped aboard the passenger train, which soon began to bear us on towards Virginia as recruits to the "Newnan Guards," which was Company A, first Georgia Regiment. At sunset the whistle blew and the train stopped under the car shelter at Augusta, Geo.; we hopped into an omnibus and soon arrived at the depot on the opposite side of the city. We again took the train, and on the eighth day of June we arrived at Richmond, Virginia, and immediately proceeded one mile east of the city, where we found the first Georgia Regiment tented on a beautiful elevated plain. In a few days afterwards we were reviewed by President Davis and Governor Letcher, each of whom delivered a short and eloquent address. On the twelfth of June we took the train and traveled to Staunton, Virginia, where we stayed for several days, and then "set out" for Laurel Hill.

Our trip from Georgia to Staunton was a pleasant one. Soldiers were something new, and being dressed in new gray uniforms, with spotted flannel shirts, and brass buttons shining, we took very well among the ladies, who gathered in great numbers around every station on the route, and cheered us by waving their handkerchiefs and throwing us bouquets. We did not lack for provisions, as we got the best that the country afforded; some of which was free of charge.

The first remark that caused me to think seriously about the dangers of war, was made by a gentleman sitting in the car which was crowded with soldiers. He said that he would not give three cents for the chance of any soldier's life, among the whole car load, who were then on their way to the battlefield. I then began to feel as though I would never see home again, and that a soldier's life in time of war was but short. Fortunately for me I have been permitted to live until the present time, but many who heard that serious remark are to-day lying in the "cold, the dark, and silent grave;" and how many hundreds and thousands, yea, tens of thousands, who were at that day in the bloom of life, that are now "numbered among the dead;" they have fallen bravely in the defense of their country, and to-day "I hope that they are mingling their voices with angels in the patriot's heaven." Every household has been made to mourn; almost every eye has been made to shed tears; and all have lost relatives and friends. If the readers of this knew half the trials and sufferings of the poor soldier, it would move them with compassion; the tender chords of their hearts would be touched, and tears would freely fall from their eyes.

About the sixteenth day of June we started to Laurel Hill. A long march of one hundred and twenty miles across the Alleghany Mountains now lay before us. In crossing this long and high range of mountains, I thought of Bonaparte, and I thought of the Alps. Two things it did afford us, pure water and picturesque mountain scenery.

At Buffalo Gap, ten miles from Staunton, the citizens gave the whole regiment a dinner of buttermilk and bread—after which the boys gave it the name of Buttermilk Gap; one gentleman furnished one hundred gallons. The second night after we left Staunton, a member of our company was killed while performing guard duty, by a member of our regiment who was



intoxicated. The young man, whose name was Meyer, was very much beloved by his fellow-soldiers; his remains were sent to Georgia to be interred. The night following we camped at Monterey, and the weather was so cold that we suffered considerably during the night. Conversing with some aged citizens, I was informed that frost visits them every month in the year among those mountains.

We camped at Beverly night of the twenty-first of June, and during the night a terrible storm came, which blew down most of our tents—it raged so terribly for about two hours, I began to think that soldiers and tents would be blown away. We reached Laurel Hill twenty-third of June—the enemy was then in strong force at Philippi, just fifteen miles distant; at day-break, seventh of July, our pickets informed us of the near approach of the enemy, who had just arrived in sight of our breast works; heavy skirmishing immediately began on the ninth of July—the enemy began shelling our encampment, which lasted for two days.

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## CHAPTER II.

### RETREAT OF GENERAL R. S. GARNETT FROM LAUREL HILL, VIRGINIA.

On the eleventh of July, news was received that the enemy under General McClellan had defeated our army at Rich Mountain, taking Colonel Pegram and his command prisoners, which consisted of about one thousand men, and that General McClellan was at Beverly, sixteen miles in our rear, with an army of ten thousand men; at sunset General Garnett ordered us to strike tents, and at dark our whole force, which consisted of three regiments of infantry, two companies of cavalry, and one company of artillery, numbering in all about three thousand men, began to move in the direction of Beverly—the rain was falling upon us rapidly, and after marching a few miles the command halted to rest. One of our boys asked Colonel Ramsey why we marched in the night and the weather so inclement? The Colonel replied, that this is a “strategic” movement. We marched all night, and at dawn of day found that we were in

three miles of Beverly. The General countermarched us, and after marching back a few miles he filed us into a rough, narrow, mountainous road. We advanced along this road several miles, when General Garnett stopped and held a council of war; he had one of two courses to pursue, that is, surrender to the enemy, or try to make his escape through the mountains. In a few minutes our cavalry reported that the Yankees were in pursuit close behind. The council decided to make our escape if possible. We began to move off in the quick step, the day was extremely hot, and the soldiers began to throw their clothing from their knapsacks, and during the whole day I was scarcely out of sight of clothing which was thrown away, the bushes on either side the road were strewn with them. The General had all the baggage thrown out of the wagons, and the sick placed in them. At night we started over a mountain, and it began to rain very hard; a great many of our teams stalled, and we had to throw the wagons down the mountain and leave them. We now had run out of provisions, and about two hours before day we lay down to rest; next morning we began continuing the retreat. At about ten o'clock it began to rain again, we were then wading Cheat River; our cavalry came dashing by us, saying that the enemy would be upon us in a few minutes. Sure enough, as we reached the opposite bank the enemy appeared in sight. Colonel Ramsey placed the left wing of his regiment in ambush, while he formed the line of battle with the right wing, and immediately sent a dispatch to General Garnett, who was nine miles in advance, informing him of his situation.

The enemy pressed on, and Colonel Ramsey was compelled to give way; the left wing was now cut off, as the enemy rushed in between it and the right wing. We crossed the river again, half mile below, and Colonel Ramsey placed the right wing in ambush. We fought desperately for a short time; we soon had to give away again, and in a short time we came up with the artillery and the twenty-third Virginia Regiment, formed on the bank of the river, ready to give the enemy a warm reception. Colonel Ramsey formed on them, and an engagement took place, which is known as the battle of Carrick's Ford; General Garnett was killed. We then continued the retreat, marching day and night without any subsistence, until the seventeenth of the month, when the command reached Franklin.—

During the retreat the main body of our troops passed through the corner of the State of Maryland—the distance travelled during the retreat, is two hundred miles. The suffering endured while marching five or six days and nights over a rough mountainous road, with nothing to eat, is scarcely describable. The left wing had to make its way through the mountains; a great many came very near starving. I was cut off in the mountains with a small squad, and the manner in which I made my escape is explained in a letter which I wrote to a friend, an extract of which was published; here is the extract as it appeared in the *Southern Confederacy*, with a slight alteration:

### THE FIRST GEORGIA REGIMENT.

Oscar A. Cantrell, of Campbellton, who is a member of the Newnan Guards, attached to the first Georgia Regiment, writes from Monterey, Virginia, under date of July 19th, as follows:

Our Colonel gave the command to retreat, which I did not hear. The guns had ceased firing. It was raining very hard all the time, and we were all wet as water could make us. Our men retreated, and, before I knew they had done so, the enemy was passing on after our army. I was sitting behind a large tree, on the side of the mountain, within one hundred yards of the road where the enemy was passing. For an hour or two I kept peeping around at them, and saw nearly their whole force.

During all this time (from the time we left Laurel Hill on Tuesday night) we had not had any food, and it raining the greater portion of the time. Our men were in no condition to fight, even an equal number, but had to fight treble our number.

I will tell you how I made my escape, I lay close to my tree until nearly night, \* \* \* \* \* when I went up the mountain side and found twenty other men who had been cut off in the same manner that I had—one of whom was a captain. We went over the mountain and camped. We had not yet eaten anything, and I assure you we suffered with hunger.—Next morning we came across the enemy's picket guard, and made them run. Some of them were on horses. One left his gun and blanket. We took the blanket, but left the gun, as each of us had a gun, and no one of us was willing to carry another. We travelled on a little farther, and came into the road among the Yankees. They halted us. I thought to my-



self that we were prisoners, but there was a man in the company who had formerly lived in Pennsylvania, and we put him before to do the talking. He told them that we were volunteers from Tioga County, Pennsylvania, and were going to join the army. They told us to go ahead and help flog the rebels. Thus, claiming to be abolitionists, we passed through them.—As soon as we got out of sight, we took the woods and travelled in the mountains, wandering about for three or four days, with but little to eat. I never before knew what it was to suffer.

Finally, we reached a road that lead to Franklin, Pendleton County. At the distance of twenty miles from that place, my legs pained me so that I was compelled to cease travelling, and the party that I was travelling with left me. I rested a night and half a day, and then hired a horse and rode to Franklin. When I arrived there I met the regiment, (that is, what was left,) and to-day we arrived at this place, where we will stay one or two months to gain our strength again. The largest body of our troops stayed together until the last engagement. When our General got killed we all got scattered, and every one's aim was to take care of himself. I do not know how many of our men were killed, but there are a great many missing. They are scattered all over the mountains, and some will never get out I fear. We lost all our baggage. Our captain has gone to Richmond, as I suppose, to learn what is to be done with the remnant of our men.

The citizens of Franklin had plenty of provisions prepared for us, but a great many could not eat, and numbers died from the fatigue and exposure of the retreat.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### BATTLE OF GREEN BRIER RIVER.

In September our regiment was ordered to Greenbrier River, in Pocahontas County, and on the third of October the battle of Greenbrier River was fought. The enemy attacked us early in the morning, and the battle continued until one o'clock, when



the enemy fled from the battle field in double quick time, leaving the Stars and Stripes, and many guns, cartridge-boxes, canteens, &c.

A few weeks after the battle, I wrote the following letter to A. G. Murray, editor of the *Southern Union*:

CAMP BARTOW, GREENBRIER RIVER, }  
POCAHONTAS COUNTY, VIRGINIA, Oct. 29, 1861. }

*Dear Sir*,—Seated by a warm fire in front of my tent, I proceed to write you a letter containing the news from northwestern Virginia. As it is probable that you have heard of the battle fought at this place on the third instant, resulting in our victory, I will not attempt to relate the proceedings of that day, but will tell you something of the military movements since that time.

For the last two weeks, the enemy's scouts have been firing at our pickets nearly every day. Our pickets invariably return the fire. Several men have been wounded on both sides, but there has been none killed since the battle of the third. Day before yesterday three hundred of the enemy attacked our pickets, forty or fifty in number, which were stationed about five miles from camp, in the direction of the enemy's camp, drove them in, and set fire to a dwelling house which was occupied by our pickets during wet weather. The house was soon reduced to ashes, but the pickets occupy their former positions.

A few days after the battle, some of the enemy appeared at our extreme picket posts with a flag of truce, asking permission to visit the battle field to get some of their dead, but General Jackson would not permit them to do so, because the letter addressed to him was not signed by their General.

The enemy's camp is ten miles north of this place, on top of Cheat Mountain. Their number is supposed to be six thousand, under the command of General Reynolds.

The force we have at this place is, the first and twelfth Georgia Regiments, four Virginia regiments, one Arkansas regiment, four artillery companies with sixteen pieces, and one or two battallions. We are strongly fortified, and are commanded by General Henry R. Jackson, of Georgia.

The health of this regiment is much better than it was during the months of August and September. There is very little

sickness now in camp. We procured a splendid brass band last month, which adds a great deal to the regiment. The music revives the feelings of the soldier who is far from home.

This is a mountainous country, and the weather is setting in cold. On the night of the twenty-third of this month, we had some snow. We will soon be compelled to abandon this place and go into winter quarters. There are a great many soldiers engaged in building on top of the Alleghany Mountain, which is eight or ten miles south of this place, for the troops to stay in during the winter. I suppose the Virginians will be quartered there, as it is probable this regiment will be ordered south, perhaps to the coast of Georgia. I am, &c.

*you are a damn good fellow* OSCAR A. CANTRELL.

Early one morning, General Jackson moved up to attack the enemy who was well fortified on the top of Cheat Mountain.—He selected eighty men, and sent them in advance to surround the enemy's pickets before daylight, and take them prisoners. They succeeded in surrounding the pickets, but about daylight the gun of one of our men was discharged accidentally, and the pickets became alarmed, and came rushing down the road near where our men were concealed in a thicket. As soon as our men saw them they fired into them, and killed in all about one dozen. The eighty men then advanced in the direction of our camp, and met General Jackson and command, at a short turn in the road, on the mountain side. Each party thought that the other was the enemy, and a considerable battle was fought among our own men, in which several were killed and wounded. One was killed in the company that I was a member of, and one was wounded.

A few days afterwards, one of the blue coated soldiers strayed off of Cheat Mountain, and was soon so far from camps that he did not know what direction to travel in to get back. He came to a house where no one was present, except a young lady and three little boys—the oldest of which was about nine years old. He left his musket in the yard leaning against the house, and stepped into the dining room to get his dinner. One of the little boys immediately seized his musket, while the other two took two guns belonging to their father from the rack, and they all took their stand at the dining room door. When the soldier came to the door, he inquired the route to Cheat Moun-

tain. The boys all presented their guns at him, and said go before us and we will show you your route. They marched him immediately to our camp, and delivered him to General Jackson. The soldiers made up a purse of money and gave to the little boys for their courage and patriotism.

Our company was sent on picket one cold night in November, and during the night we captured a prisoner who had a tender-footed, poor, shabby, old, no-account, trifling, good-for-nothing, sheepish-looking horse. Returning to camp in the morning, we came to the river, which footmen crossed on a log, but persons on horseback crossed at the ford, which was very deep at that season of the year. One of our corporals was very anxious to ride the captured animal across the stream, and obtained permission from the captain to do so. Our corporal mounted the horse, and we all stopped on the log to see him ride across. Midway the river our horse falls down, and our corporal floats off in the water up to his shoulders. Our corporal abandons the horse in the middle of the stream, and gets to the bank with all possible speed. All this time the company was in an uproar of laughter at the corporal's expense. Snow being on the ground, and the weather being very cold, our corporal's clothes were frozen before he reached camp.

Our sutler received a fresh supply of whisky, and one of our soldiers concluded that he would cheat the old gentleman out of a quart. The soldier had two black bottles of the same size; he filled one with water, and placed one in each pocket, and went to the sutler in the night and handed him his empty bottle to be filled with whisky; after the bottle was filled, and the soldier had placed it back in his pocket, he remarked to the sutler, (well knowing that he sold his whisky only for cash) that he would settle with him in a few days. The sutler replied that he must pay the money immediately, or return the whisky. The soldier handed him the bottle of water, telling him to empty it quick, as he was in a great hurry and wanted his bottle. The trick succeeded, and the soldier returned to his quarters plus a quart of whisky, thinking how well the sutler's whisky was watered, and how easily the trick was played.

The Virginia soldiers were frequently speculating off of the Georgians, and during our march through the mountains, we came to a rich little valley called Crabb bottom. Some of the



Georgians had visited a still house during the day, and were somewhat intoxicated. We stopped to camp for the night, and this intoxicated crowd had just bought a lot of apples at twenty cents per dozen, when a Virginia soldier came along with a sack of apples, and stopped where they were, and offered to sell these apples at fifty cents per dozen. One of the boys took the sack and struck him over the head with it. The sack was rotten, and it tore almost to strings. The apples fell in every direction. The whole crowd began to pelt the Virginian with the apples; he began to beg, but they only pelted him the harder; he then began to run, and the crowd pursued until they ran him out of camp.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### UNFEELING SOLDIERS.

On the Virginia side of the Potomac river, just opposite the town of Hancock, Maryland, the Yankees established a camp, and in January, 1861, our army, under General Stonewall Jackson, rushed upon the "Yanks" and drove them across the river. A number of soldiers were immediately detailed to proceed to a dwelling which stood near the camp, in which commissary stores were kept, to assist our commissary in removing the stores to our camp. I was one of that detail. All the family were absent except two little girls. When I arrived at the house there was about half a dozen soldiers crowded around the table; they had entered the pantry and taken out its contents, which consisted of bread and honey, and were busily engaged in eating. As I entered the door I heard the little girls crying; they said they had but little for themselves to eat, and the soldiers had taken it all from them. The soldiers invited me to eat with them. I remarked that I never yet had eaten bread, while children stood around me crying for it.

A soldier in the mountains of Virginia entered an old lady's milk house and began to drink her milk without permission. The old lady locked the door and kept the youngster in prison until night.



*Great Courage of Soldiers.*—While the First Georgia Regiment was at Romney, Virginia, General Loring sent a train of forage wagons to the town of Moorefield, and fearing that the enemy's cavalry would cut them off and capture them, he sent Captain Houser, with a detachment of men, to meet the train on its return, and protect it until it reached camp again. Accordingly Captain Houser and his men started about ten o'clock at night. It was one of the coldest nights of January, and the snow lay several inches deep on the ground. They traveled several miles and came to a deep creek, which had to be crossed by wading. Some spoke of returning to camp, and some said that it was too cold to wade, while others said they would follow the captain wherever he went. The captain lead the way, and the whole party followed, and in a short time the dread was over; but they had scarcely travelled a hundred yards before the water on their clothes was frozen to ice. They soon got some fire, and took a complete thawing. They returned the following day safely with the wagon train.

The day after the return of the forage train, I was sent on picket, and was placed on the extreme post, which was about five miles from camp, and during the night it snowed again, and about two hours before day a courier came with orders for the pickets to return to camp, as the whole army was going to march to Winchester. We were within one mile of camp when we met another courier, with orders for us to return to our posts. At ten o'clock orders came again for us to report to camp, and on reaching the place we just had time to fall into ranks, when the whole command started.

In the streets of Romney were a great many wagons, mired to their axletrees, which we burnt, to keep them from the enemy. We travelled all day and night, wading a great many creeks, after which, in a few minutes, our clothes would be frozen stiff with ice; all the rails near the road were burnt; there was a large rail fire about every ten steps. In a few days we reached Winchester again, where we stayed for a short time. During that time an old gentleman brought a cart load of pies into camp to sell. The soldiers soon surrounded his cart, and while some were conversing with him to attract his attention, others were unearthing his horse; as soon as the horse was free one of the boys gave the cart, the body of which was full of

soldiers, a start, and away it went down a steep hill; the pies fell in every direction, and were soon picked up by the boys; the cart soon reached the foot of the hill, when the shafts suddenly struck the ground, which broke them off, and threw the old gentleman, and the cart load of soldiers over the front gate of the cart body, crippling some of them severely.

About the middle of February we were ordered to Knoxville, Tennessee, and proceeded to Strasburg, where we remained a few days, to prepare provisions to last us the trip.

We got as far as Lynchburg, Virginia, on our route to Knoxville, and could get no further, as the recent heavy rains had injured the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, so that it had to be repaired before any travelling could be done on it. We remained at Lynchburg one week, when, as our term of service lacked only a few days of expiring, we delivered our arms to General E. Kirby Smith, and took the cars for Augusta, Georgia, about the 4th of March; travelled by the way of Petersburg, Virginia, and then took the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, and arrived at Kingsville, South Carolina, March 8th, 1862.

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## CHAPTER V.

### FIRST GEORGIA REGIMENT AT KINGSVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

The regiment, numbering about seven hundred, reached Kingsville at sunset, March 8, 1862, and having had nothing to eat since passing through Wilmington, North Carolina, which was about twenty-four hours previous, we all felt very much like eating. There was but one hotel in the place, and that was kept by Dutch people. They agreed to set supper for us; there was only room at the table for about fifty persons to sit; a great many members of the regiment had taken a little more than an average supply of whisky, and while supper was preparing several fights took place in the passage near the dining-room door. As soon as supper was announced, there was a general rush made for the dining-room. The door-keeper, who tried to keep order, was soon knocked down and run over. Finding that getting in at the door was a very slow process, they soon began to leap in at the windows, and in a few minutes the

dining-room was crowded, and in the shortest time imaginable everything was taken off the table; all was "broken loose," and every man was for himself. Some had sugar-dishes, filling their pockets with sugar, and some had coffee-pots turned almost upside down, drinking coffee out of the spouts, while others were drinking coffee out of plates; one soldier took a ball of butter from the table, and meeting with another who had a loaf of bread, he soon effected an exchange of half the butter for half the bread; he pulled the butter apart with his hands; the remaining half of the butter he spread on his bread with his right hand, which reminded me of a mason spreading mortar on his bricks with a trowel. I visited the kitchen, and a crowd of soldiers were standing around the stove busily engaged in eating a half-cooked tripe. Everything was in a perfect uproar, and a great many dishes were broken before supper was over. The old Dutch lady, with her peculiar way of talking, was all the time abusing us. The old Dutchman was very much frightened, and he did not collect a cent out of the regiment.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### RECEPTION OF THE FIRST GEORGIA REGIMENT AT AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

At sunrise of the ninth of March, the cars rolled into Augusta, with the First Georgia Regiment. A lovely-looking flag, which was surrounded with nice cedar twigs, vines and flowers was placed near the depot. On the flag were these words, beautifully worked with the twigs of cedar, "A hearty welcome home." The ladies in large numbers favored us with their presence. The regiment was marched to the different hotels, two companies stopping together. We had the best fare that the city afforded, free of charge.

At ten o'clock the following day, Colonel Ramsey formed his regiment at the car shelter, and marched it into the city. We scarcely had room to march for the multitude that thronged the streets. Col. Ramsey drew us up in close column by division, and delivered us a short and eloquent address. The Adjutant then arose and read the order mustering us out of service, which stated that each member of the regiment was then honorably discharged.





# HISTORY.

OF THE

## 56th REGIMENT GA. VOLUNTEERS.

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### CHAPTER VII.

#### ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT.

On the 25th day of April, 1862, a company was organized, at Campbellton, Georgia, the members of which gave it the name of the "Campbell Spartans"; and on the 28th day of April the company was mustered into the Confederate States service, by Col. E. P. Watkins, for the term of three years or during the war. On the 13th day of May the company started and arrived at Big Shanty, Cobb county, Georgia, and on the 15th day of May the Fifty-Sixth Regiment Georgia Volunteers was organized; which organization resulted as follows: E. P. Watkins, Colonel; J. T. Slaughter, Lieutenant Colonel; M. L. Pool, Major; G. W. Peddy, Surgeon; A. S. Whitaker, Assistant Surgeon; W. J. Stokes, Quartermaster; A. W. Stokes, Quartermaster's Sergeant; S. S. Kingsbury, Commissary; Levi Ballard, Commissary's Sergeant; J. N. Bass, Adjutant; Daniel F. Brewster, Sergeant Major; Leander B. Watkins, Ordnance Sergeant; and John Valvin, Wagon Master.

The Campbell Spartans, being the senior company, were placed in the regiment as company A; the other companies were arranged according to the rank of their captains, as follows: Capt. Spearman's, of Heard county, company K; Capt. Albert's, of Atlanta, company E; Captain Grice's, of Carroll county, company C; Captain Streetman's, of Forsyth county, company G; Captain Martin's, of Carroll county, company B; Captain Cobb's, of Villa Rica, company I; Captain Prather's, of Cobb county, company F; Captain Monroe's, of Forsyth

county, company D; and Captain Parish's, of Carroll county, company H.

This place was called Camp McDonald, and it being a camp of instruction, strict attention was paid to the drilling of the men until the second of June, when the regiment moved to Atlanta, Georgia, and guarded the city until June 13th, when orders were received for Colonel Watkins to report in Chattanooga, Tennessee, with his regiment, and accordingly, early next morning, the old freight train rolled into Chattanooga with Colonel Watkins and his regiment, and a few days afterwards the regiment drew arms.

June 19th we got aboard the train, and about midnight arrived at Shell Mound, a station on the railroad, twenty miles from Chattanooga. Although it was in June, the night was very cool, and no wood being near the railroad, the boys tore to pieces an unoccupied house, and from then until morning, large fires were kept up, in which the greater portion of the house was used for fuel. The day following we spent in what a sensible man would term the wilderness, *i. e.* between two high mountains thickly covered with timber.

June 21st, early in the morning. We are now marching along the banks of the Tennessee river, the waters of which can scarcely be seen through the dense fog which is gathered over its surface. Six o'clock, P. M.—Witnessed a skirmish which took place to-day between our forces on one side the river, and the enemy on the other side. The loss on our side was one killed; the loss of the enemy was one killed and one wounded. Our cavalry crossed the river and took three prisoners. The regiment has just returned to Chattanooga.

June 22d. Visited Salt-Petre Cave, which begins at the northern base of Lookout Mountain, where it joins the Tennessee river two miles from Chattanooga, and extends further into the mountain than any human being has ever yet ventured. In advancing along this cave "I beheld wonders which were new to me." On the walls, which consist principally of huge rocks, are hundreds of names, some of which were placed there at a very early date. Besides the main channel, there are numerous minor caves, which branch off in almost every direction. About one mile from its mouth I came to a number of Irishmen, who were spading the dirt from among the rocks for the

purpose of making saltpetre. Large quantities of saltpetre are taken from this cave annually. A few paces from the mouth of the cave is the blowing spring, from which a current of cool air is continually gushing.

June 23d. Early in the morning started on a freight train for Knoxville; was very much crowded, as the regiment at that time numbered about one thousand; travelled by the way of Dalton, Georgia, and reached Knoxville the following day.

June 26. Rode on the cars from Knoxville to Chattanooga. It rained during the night, and not having our tents stretched we got a complete wetting.

July 7. Moved thirteen miles down the railroad, and pitched our camp, which in honor of our commanding General we gave the name of Camp Leadbetter, at the stone tunnel; here we remained, breathing the cool mountain air, drinking the pure and clear Tennessee water, and gathering and eating the ripe black and whortleberries, until the 14th of July, when we struck our tents, and put them up again that evening at Bridgeport, Jackson county, Alabama, at which place Major Pool resigned, and returned home. Afterwards Captain James P. Brewster, by promotion, became major of the regiment.

July 30th. Right wing of the regiment took the train and proceeded to Tyner's station. Here we were under such strict orders, that no soldier was allowed outside the guard lines. When water was wanted, five men, under charge of a non-commissioned officer, was sent to the spring.

August 1st. Left wing came up, and the whole regiment proceeded to Knoxville, arriving late in the evening.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### OUR CAMPAIGN IN KENTUCKY.

On the 4th day of August, 1862, our regiment turned over all its tents, and most of its cooking utensils, to the Quartermaster at Knoxville, Tennessee, and began to march in the direction of Kentucky. The day was bright and clear, and the rays of heat from the mid-day sun came down upon us with

almost melting power. The dust rose around us like smoke from the burning prairie; this, together with the cartridge-box buckled around the waist, gun on the shoulder; and a heavy knapsack of clothing and a blanket on the back, proved to be very tiresome and disagreeable to the soldier, and especially to the members of the Fifty-Sixth regiment, the most of whom were at that time strangers to the hardships of the soldier's life; as we marched along numbers from every company fell out of ranks, and little did they think that they had that day begun a campaign of three months almost incessant marching, day and night, part of the time with nothing to eat and no water to drink. On the following day we reached Clinton, Tennessee, where we stayed for a short time. During our stay at Clinton, the battle of Tazewell, Tennessee, took place, and our regiment was ordered there as reinforcements.

### MY TRIP TO KNOXVILLE.

I was immediately detailed by General Heth to repair to Knoxville, eighteen miles distant, where he said, by reporting to the Bell House, I would find Captain Selden, who would have a train of wagons loaded with ordnance stores, ready for me to take charge of, and for me to take the nearest route and report as early as possible at Tazewell. General Heth said, as he had no horse to furnish me that I could ride on a wagon as far as the railroad, as a train of wagons would soon start for that place. I immediately proceeded to the wagon yard, and learned that the wagons were pressed by General Gracey. I then *set out* to walk to the railroad, it being only nine miles, where I expected to take the train for Knoxville. The weather was extremely warm, and I had on my back a considerable knapsack packed full of clothing. Just as I arrived in sight of the station the whistle blew, and away went the cars towards Knoxville. I then had to continue my trip on foot; and on arriving at Knoxville, I inquired at the Bell House for Captain Selden, and could find no one that knew him. I then examined the register, and saw that he had dined there about a week previous. I then began to search for him. I visited every hotel and public boarding house in the city, and could hear nothing of Selden. I then visited the post ordnance office, and every government establishment in the city, and could still hear nothing



of Selden. There I was, in a strange city, sent upon urgent and important business, and in search of a man whom I had never seen; my condition was embarrassing, I would not know him if I should meet him in the streets; what should I do? go about the streets asking strange men if they knew Captain Selden.— I concluded that that would'nt do, especially in a large city. Not being willing to return to my command without performing the business upon which I had been sent, after searching two days without any success, I visited the headquarters of General E. Kirby Smith, commanding department, and the Adjutant-General informed me that they knew nothing of him. I began relating my condition to a citizen, and he said that Selden had just stepped up the street, and would return in a short time. Sure enough, in a few minutes, Selden returned. I informed him of my business, and told him the length of time I had been searching for him. He replied that he had been boarding at a private house. My ordance train was soon ready, and I returned to my command, who had marched ten miles, waded Clinch River, received news that our forces had gained the victory at Tazewell, and returned to Clinton.

On the 14th of August we again took up the line of march, passed through Jacksboro, Tennessee, and crossed the Cumberland Mountain at Big Creek Gap. August 16, 1862, we started over this steep mountain about midnight, and it is so awful steep that we hitched about twelve horses to each piece of artillery, fastened a long rope to the end of the tongue, which the men took hold of, and by that means the men and horses pulled them up the mountain; near the top we halted to rest, and although it was then about the middle of August, we were so cold that we kindled up fires to keep from suffering. At dawn of day we reached the top. "In casting my eyes in almost any direction," I again "beheld wonders that were new to me."—"Its wildness and sublimity filled me with emotions of pleasure that I had been hitherto a stranger." Passing down the opposite side we soon discovered that it had been blockaded; great numbers of large trees had been hewn across the road; huge stones had been rolled into it; all of which had been removed by our pioneers who were in advance of the command.

August 17, at sunset, we arrived at the foot of Pine Mountain. The night was dark, and the mountain rough and steep,

but we had to cross to the opposite side before camping. Next morning our company was detailed to go back over the mountain, and guard the artillery while crossing. We all set down to rest on top, and I soon fell asleep, and when I awoke I was all alone on the summit of that high mountain. It was a wild looking country, no mark of civilization could be seen, save the rough mountain road. After travelling two or three hours, as fast as I could, I caught up with the company, who had again set down to rest.

We were then within a few miles of the Kentucky line. It must be remembered that at that time we were attached to a brigade that was composed of a company of artillery, commanded by Captain Waddell, and three Georgia regiments—Colonels Watkins', Johnson's and Barkeloo's—commanded by General D. Leadbetter. We were informed, that as soon as we entered Kentucky that we would be attacked by a body of men who termed themselves Home Guards, but we called them *bushwhackers*. We were advancing on Boston, a small village in Whitley County, Kentucky, and sure enough, at the distance of one mile from the town, a band of these wretches, numbering about one hundred, attacked Col. Johnson's regiment which was marching in front. Colonel Johnson's men fired into them and killed several, the balance fled to the mountains. Our cavalry pursued them, and took some prisoners, the majority of which took the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States, and were immediately released. We marched into and took possession of the town without any farther opposition. Upon entering the place, I saw on the wall of a dry goods store, written in large letters, "Downfall of Boston, August 18, 1862."

We remained at Boston three days, during that time I was sent on picket together with the company, captain and the other two lieutenants. The company was posted across a cornfield, and the posts extended some distance into a swamp. It was the duty of the officers to visit the different posts after night. I approached one of these posts and heard the gun-lock click. I exclaimed, officer of the guard, and the gun fell from the face of the affrighted sentinel, who said, speaking when you did saved your life, for I thought you was a bushwhacker. We stayed on picket twenty-four hours, and our diet was green corn and roasted apples: It was just two days march to Barbours-

ville, and we travelled both days without having any water to drink, except a little we took from the run of dried up branches, which was warm, muddy, and very scarce. This was the beginning of our suffering with thirst, for suffer we did, as the weather was extremely hot. We reached Barboursville, which is situated on the Cumberland River, late in the evening of the twenty-second of August. The rain came down in torrents during that night. The feelings of the poor soldier can readily be imagined, who, after marching hard all day, lay down to rest his weary limbs—the hard earth his only bed, knapsack his pillow, and a single blanket his covering; no roof under which he could shelter, save the dark clouds and roaring winds. The officers of each company, however, were allowed two tent flies; of course there was but little sleep, almost every one was drenched with rain, and I might say almost drowned.

General E. Kirby Smith was in command of our army, which was called, previous to crossing the mountains, the army of East Tennessee, but at that time it was called the army of Kentucky. General Smith had crossed his troops at the different gaps in the Cumberland Mountain, and had taken Barboursville before General Leadbetter came up. Our forces took a large train of wagons, loaded with provisions for the Yankee army, at Cumberland Gap. A great many of the wagons were taken near Loudon, Kentucky, and were burnt with the provisions in them, as they were taken by our cavalry, who were not in sufficient force to get them away.

The enemy at Cumberland Gap was now completely cut off, and our brigade was sent down to Cumberland Ford to give them fight, if they should attempt to get away. There were sixteen Yankee regiments at the gap, who were commanded by General G. W. Morgan, and their only route of escape was by the way of Cumberland Ford, which is twelve miles in the rear; it is closed in by mountains, and has a defile just wide enough for a wagon road. Our brigade, numbering about twenty-five hundred, guarded this narrow passage, while General E. Kirby Smith, with the remainder of his army, took up the line of march towards Lexington, to meet a large force of the enemy who was advancing for the purpose of relieving Gen. Morgan.

The two armies met ten miles south of Richmond, Kentucky, at a little village called Rogersville. A terrible battle was



fought, in which General Smith was victorious--the enemy so on gave way. The battle was fought all the way from Rogersville to Richmond--at the latter place General Smith captured all the enemy's artillery. He pursued the Yankees beyond the Kentucky River, and captured almost the whole force that was engaged against him. The most remarkable feature of this fight was, that General Smith captured more Yankees than he had men engaged in the fight. It was the most complete victory of the war, and will be known in the history of this revolution as the battle of Richmond, Kentucky.

Just a few days previous to the above named fight, General Smith, as I suppose, not knowing the strength of the enemy with which he was soon to be engaged, and fearing that he would prove to be too formidable for him, ordered General Leadbetter to reinforce him with his brigade as soon as possible, and accordingly we left Cumberland Ford on the 30th day of August, and that night we camped in the vicinity of Barboursville, which is a pretty place, but it is like the whole of that mountain country, filled with union citizens; even the ladies would go so far as to treat the Southern soldier with contempt.

In writing a letter to a friend I began it thus: "Barboursville is a beautiful little village, situated on a level plain, and is almost surrounded by mountains, whose high peaks and lofty summits, presents to the eye a beautiful scenery. This is the Sabbath; the sun has just risen, and the dense fog that envelops the summits of the surrounding peaks, is rapidly vanishing before his glittering rays."

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE BUSHWHACKERS.

Gangs of bushwhackers were scattered all through these mountains. These bushwhackers are nothing more nor less than a band of thieves and robbers; they stay among the high bluffs and cliffs of rocks, along the most wilderness parts of the mountain roads, and watch their chances to pick up the sick and broken-down soldiers who fall in the rear of their command; they



treat these defenseless soldiers sometimes with a great deal of cruelty; they at times let their vile passions rise to such a height that they put them to death. A member of our company, being very feeble, dropped behind the command near a place called Flat Lick, Knox county, Kentucky, and just so soon as the regiment was out of sight, a squad of these ruffians rushed down the mountain side, took him prisoner, and carried him over the mountains to their headquarters, where about one hundred of their comrades were rendezvoused; they treated him shamefully; they took everything he had; they even took his watch and threatened to hang him; they kept him several days, giving him little or no food, and then set him at liberty in the mountains, to find his way out the best he could.

These bushwhackers occasionally form ambuscades, and when an opportunity presents itself, they shoot down small parties of soldiers in the road, and then "riddle" their pockets.

During our sojourn in that mountain region, that is, from the eighteenth until the thirtieth of August, our rations were uniform, consisting of green corn, (or, in other words roasting ears,) beef and dried beans.

On the first of September we passed through London, *en route* to join General Smith. Nothing remarkable took place until we arrived at Richmond, which place we reached a few days after the battle. On the night of the first of September, we camped at Rock Castle river, and the next day we crossed Big Hill, a distance of twelve miles. At the northern base of Big Hill is the beginning of the beautiful and wealthy portion of Kentucky. Here we quit the rough mountainous road, and traveled on a level macadamized turnpike. We were now in a level country, and the nice farms and magnificent residences could be seen on either side the road. What a great contrast between this and that ugly and disagreeable mountain region, which seems to have been created for varmints and wild Indians to inhabit. What a great contrast, also, between its citizens and those stingy, envious, insignificant mountaineers. They are enlightened and open-hearted, and many of them are true to the Southern cause, or at least, they showed the Southern soldiers a great deal of hospitality.

The distance from Big Hill to Richmond is eighteen miles. Our company was vanguard that day. Early in the morning

we began to meet paroled prisoners, who had been paroled by General Smith, and were on the return to their mountain homes. These prisoners were so numerous that we were scarcely out of sight of them until we reached Richmond. Our company was so far in advance of the regiment at one time, that we plucked ears of green corn from a field and sat down by the road side to roast them; about the time we all began to feel as though we had eaten enough, the regiment appeared in sight. We soon arrived at the spot where the battle commenced. A scene then presented itself which was new to most of the regiment. Fences were taken down by the retreating Yankees to form breastworks on both sides the long and beautiful lanes; rails were torn and split to pieces with shot and shell; the earth was ploughed up in many places with lead from the rebel guns; the dwelling-houses were crowded with the wounded of both armies; new graves could be seen on the road side. One grave I noticed in particular; it was a Yankees grave, as I discovered from his blue uniform; he was buried in this style: the fence was laid down, and at the corner where the rails lapped a hole was dug the length of the man, and about one foot deep; he was laid in this hole and a little dirt was thrown over him, and the fence was laid up again; when we passed I suppose he had been buried about three days; a portion of the dirt by some means had been removed from the top of his body, and there he lay, about half exposed, and the green flies swarming around him like bees around the hive.

We were kindly received by the citizens of Richmond. It is what I term a lovely town. The number of guns, cartridge-boxes, &c., captured at this place would astonish any one, if the exact number were known. I never saw such a pile of guns before in all my life; some of the streets were almost full of them; besides this, I was informed by citizens, that the farms between Rogersville and Richmond had guns scattered all through them, which the panic stricken Yankees had thrown away while flying before the Confederate army. A citizen who witnessed the battle said he knew one thing, and that is this: the rebels are not afraid of the cannon balls.

Our forces had already occupied Lexington, and were marching on to Frankfort, and the people of Kentucky now had, for the first time during this great revolution, an opportunity of

volunteering in the Confederate cause, for the Confederate army had never before advanced into the interior of Kentucky. Companies were speedily being formed in different portions of the State; speeches were being made, and Confederate banners were floating in the breeze, and it seemed as if every body was flocking to our standard. Late in the evening we left Richmond, and travelled half the night, or later; the boys felt pretty lively, as rations of whisky had been issued that evening. "It was a calm still night," and we marched by the light of the "silver shining moon." Crowds of ladies and countrymen flocked to the road, and while we were passing they shouted at the top of their voices: "hurrah for the Georgia boys;" while we would reply, "hurrah for the ladies of Kentucky." The ladies requested us to sing "Dixie." We sung "Dixie," and a few other Southern songs, as we marched along.

The following day we crossed the Kentucky river, which we waded and proceeded to within three miles of Lexington, and camped, as a lady informed me, on the premises where General John H. Morgan was born.

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## CHAPTER X.

ENTRANCE OF GENERAL LEADBETTER'S BRIGADE INTO LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY,  
SEPTEMBER 6, 1862.

We arose early in the morning, ate a hearty camp breakfast, loaded our baggage, and formed our regiments to march in the following order: Colonel Barkaloo, with a brass band at the head of his regiment, in front; Colonel Johnson next; and Colonel Watkins in the rear. Thus formed we advanced with the route step slowly up the road, until we reached the suburbs of the city; here we halted to rest, having marched three miles, in which we passed the former residence of Henry Clay, which I would describe it I had had an opportunity of giving it a close examination; taking a slight glance at it from the road, I judged it to be a desirable place. In a few minutes the command attention was given, and every man fell into his place.—We marched by the rank flank in four ranks, guns on the right



shoulder. The music now began to play at the head of each regiment, and the troops moved off in the cadenced step; it was like clock work, every left foot touched the ground at the heavy tap of the drum. The bright muskets, with their sharp bayonets glittering in the sun at each alternate step of the soldier, rocked to the right and left with as much regularity as if they had been a single gun; it seemed that every one was trying to do his best, I never saw better marching in my life.

General Leadbetter, mounted on his fine bay horse, with the wreathed stars and brass buttons of his new Confederate uniform, shining like gold, rode in advance of his brigade. We soon turned the first corner. All the front piazzas of the first, second and third stories of the city buildings, were crowded with ladies and children, who were waving handkerchiefs and shouting hurrah for the Southern cause. Heads could be seen at every window; the streets were crowded with men, women, children and negroes, waving hats, handkerchiefs and Confederate flags. Confederate banners were floating in the breeze from the tops of the highest houses. Numbers of ladies and gentlemen came in from the country in buggies, carriages, and on horseback. A lady sitting in a carriage said to Orderly Thornton who, by the way, is a very nice little gentleman, we have been receiving Southern troops here for two or three days, I have hurrahed for them until my throat is sore; I can't hurrah for you, but if you will come to me I will kiss you. We marched out to the fair ground and stacked arms.

It is said to be the grandest day that has ever been in Lexington, except the day that Henry Clay was buried. It reminded me of the picture of the entrance of the American army into the Grand Plaza of the city of Mexico. While at Lexington we were visited by ladies, citizens and countrymen, who brought apples, peaches, and provisions of all kinds, and distributed them among us free of charge. A little girl entered our camp and marched all through the encampment, singing a beautiful rebel song, having in her hand at the same time the banner of bars and stars. A large lot of clothing was captured with the place, and a great many of our brigade got them full suits of the Yankee blue.

At that time there was a force of the enemy at Lebanon.—Our brigade, and a brigade of Floridians, left Lexington about



midnight seventh September, and took breakfast at Nicholasville. The citizens of this place were generally sympathizers with the Yankees, and had but very little use for the Confederate soldier. Travelling on we soon came to Camp Dick Robinson, which is a Yankee camp of instruction. What citizens and ladies we saw there, expressed strong union sentiments; some of our boys and the ladies had a considerable quarrel. Beyond "Dick Robinson" we again found people whose sympathies were with us. At one place a crowd of young ladies were collected together and, although it was the Sabbath day, they sung us a secession song to the chorus of "root hog or die," while we were passing most of the dwellings along the road. Provisions were cooked in the best of style, and out at the gates waiting for us. We camped that night on the bank of the Kentucky River; next day we passed through Danville, and camped three miles beyond.

The people of Danville are divided in their sentiments, but I think the majority of them are in favor of the union. While we were marching along the street, a sweet little girl ran along the side walk waving her handkerchief, exclaiming "hurrah for Jeff. Davis and his men." I claim her as my little Kentucky rebel. There is a fine female college at Danville. A great many students were there from a distance; they collected on the side walk in front of the college, and selected sweethearts among us; gave us their names and post offices, and requested us to write to them. They claimed themselves to be Southern rights girls, and said that, in their feelings, they were fully embarked in the Southern cause.

Leaving our camp three miles west of Danville early in the morning, we travelled all day; at night stopped ten miles from Lebanon; here orders came for us to proceed to Frankfort, the enemy having left Lebanon and gone to Louisville. Several young ladies from Lebanon paid us a visit that night, and informed us that we would be welcomely received by the citizens of Lebanon, who were making great preparations to give us a good dinner the next day. They also stated that the Federal soldiers had been among them along time, and that they were truly glad that we had driven them away. Every one began to whet his appetite to partake of the fine dinner, for we ate only a cold supper that had been cooked early that morning, and the

following morning we ate no breakfast, as we could not get any water to use. We were then in a limestone country, and most of the springs and branches had gone dry; we suffered a great deal for water during our three days march from Lexington to that place. The young ladies walked all through our camp, and took a moonlight view of us. They walked all around our gun stacks, to learn how the stacks were formed. This is a privilege, they said, that is not allowed in the Federal camp; they place sentinels over their guns while in stacks, who will not allow any one to go near, or touch them. These Kentucky damsels, in passing around among the men, the most of whom had gone to bed, wondered very much at our mode of passing the nights in camp, viz: wrapped up in a blanket, and stretched at full length on the ground. "'Tis a wonder that you all don't die," say they. "Surely the soldier has a harder time than any one—if any body in the world is to be pitied, it is the poor soldier." They seemed to be so deeply concerned about our welfare, that I could not refrain from loving them a little, although I could not tell by moonlight whether they were really handsome or not.

At our usual hour for starting, after the night had passed away, the regiments were formed. I now began to think thus: Only ten miles to Lebanon—we will arrive there about eleven o'clock—every body will be expecting us—a nice dinner, cooked in style, will be on the table waiting for us—will see a great many pretty girls, and will have a fine time chatting with them; upon the whole, it in general will be a grand jolification. To my great surprise and disappointment, when the command "forward march" was given we did not take the road to Lebanon, but moved off in a different direction; we passed through Perryville that day, and halted at the Big Spring near that place to rest and cook rations. The battle of Perryville was fought between Generals Bragg and Buell in October. Afterwards, starting from the Big Spring late in the evening, we continued the march (passing through a little town called Nevada) until we arrived in a few miles of Harrodsburg, where we halted to spend the remainder of the night. Early the following morning we marched into Harrodsburg. Our entrance into this place was something similar to our entrance into Lexington, but I don't deem it necessary to describe it in detail; it is suffi-

cient to say that we marched through the streets under the sound of music and the cheers of the citizens. This place is what the "Yanks" would term a secession hole. We were treated very kindly; a lot of pretty girls were continually visiting our camp.

Governor Magoffin's residence is at Harrodsburg; (it is noted for being the oldest settled town in Kentucky. General Buford was raising a brigade of cavalry, and made a speech in the place while we were there. We left this place on the 12th day of September; passed through a little town called El Dorado; I stopped to get water, and a young lady told me her sweetheart was in the Yankee army, and had been stationed at Frankfort, but was then at Louisville, and she requested me not to kill him. My reply was, if he should get killed, and she would turn over to our side and be a good girl, that she could get as many pretty sweethearts as she wanted among the Confederate soldiers. Travelling on we came to Salvisa, another nice little town, where the boys got plenty of whiskey, and then moved a few miles to camp.

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## CHAPTER XI.

MASON, OF WADDELL'S ARTILLERY, DRUMMED OUT OF SERVICE, SEPT. 13, 1862.

About eight o'clock in the morning my attention was attracted, by hearing the drum and fife playing the tune of Yankee Doodle. I looked up towards the upper end of the encampment, and I beheld a sight such as I never saw before; it was this: a man with the hair on the right side of his head, and whiskers on the right side of his mustache, and left side of his face shaved off as close as it could be done with a razor, came marching down the road with his hat in his hand, a large crowd of soldiers were marching behind him. I soon learned that it was Waddell's artillerymen drumming one of their men out of service for stealing a lady's gold watch.

We passed through Lawrenceburg that day; also, we went through a town called Rough and Ready. It is a little village, whose only street is the turnpike; one side of the street were



in favor of the "Feds," and the other in favor of the South.— We reached our camp, two miles from Frankfort, that evening.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### VISIT TO FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

On the 15th September I obtained permission from my commanding officer, and went to Frankfort and spent the day. It is the capital of the State, and is situated on both sides of the Kentucky river. It is almost surrounded by hills and mountains. I entered the State capitol, and gave it only a slight examination; it is a building of medium size; the representative's hall and senate chamber are very neatly furnished rooms; the portrait of Henry Clay, in life size, is suspended from the wall. I then proceeded to the penitentiary, the keeper of which I found to be very much of a gentleman; he took a great deal of pains in carrying me around and showing me the building and convicts; the wall is built of stone, and is about sixteen feet high; the convicts showed me various little articles of their own make, which they were selling to soldiers, such as horn finger rings, horse hair watch cords, &c.

There was at that time two hundred and fifty convicts in prison, one hundred and fifty of whom were in favor of the North, the remaining hundred in favor of the South; they were all dressed in striped clothing, made so the stripes run around them in a circle. I then proceeded to the city cemetery, which is situated on the summit of a high hill, that has a considerable bluff near the river. It commands a plain view of the city below. Here are monuments of numerous officers who fell in the Mexican war; also, the monument of Daniel and Rebecca Boone. I then passed back to the city, and purchased a few articles of merchandise, and found them selling at reasonable prices; suspenders were fifty cents a pair; flour two and a half cents per pound; eggs ten cents per dozen; soda ten cents per pound, &c.

The people of Frankfort and vicinity are generally Lincolnites, and but very few of them would take Southern money;



small boys in the streets would shout hurrah for Lincoln, and sing abolition songs. The country surrounding Frankfort is called the blue-grass country, in consequence of which it is well adapted to the raising of fine horses and cattle.

Our boys visited a great many houses, whose inhabitants told them plainly that they were against them, but they would generally give them something to eat, saying at the same time that they treated both sides well. Our boys had been soldiering long enough to take little things that they wanted as they came to them, especially in the eating line; it is what our boys term 'pressing'; the Yankees term it jayhawking; but in times of peace I would call it stealing. We were in what we considered about half way the enemy's country, and the vineyards and watermelon patches were pretty regularly visited.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### DEATH OF OLD MAN POLK.

There was an accident which happened while we were camped near Frankfort, which I regretted very much. An old gentleman named Polk, who was a very strong Southern rights man, lived near our encampment; one day he proposed for some of us to go a fishing with him, and he would learn us how to catch fish, as he had a good seine. Accordingly Captain Ballard, our acting regimental commissary at that time; Captain Woodruff, who was then our brigade ordnance officer, Hugh Gibson and myself, accompanied the old man to the Kentucky river; we fished around with the seine until we were all tired, without success; old man Polk and Captain Woodruff then took the seine and crossed the river; they were near the east bank, when Captain Woodruff called to Gibson to come and take hold of the seine, as he was up to his neck in water, and could not swim; accordingly Gibson took hold of the seine, and Captain Woodruff left them; they then started to the opposite bank of the river, and were soon in swimming water; old man Polk became strangled, and in a few minutes began to sink. I was about two hundred yards below them, on the east bank of the

river, and was just in the act of stepping into a batteau, while Captain Woodruff stood about fifty yards from me on the same bank of the river, and Captain Ballard was on the west bank of the river about opposite the old man; Gibson, seeing that the old man was in the act of drowning, became frightened, dropped the seine and began to swim to the bank; Capt. Woodruff remarked to me to look at Gibson poling for his life; at the same time Captain Ballard said, in a loud tone, "bring here that batteau—the old man is drowning;" I and Captain Woodruff both tried to steer the batteau; neither of us knew how to carry the batteau up the stream, consequently the old man was soon drowned.

The shrieks and cries from his little boys who were standing on the bank, was enough to touch any one's feelings; he was a poor man, and had two very nice daughters, whom several of the boys were trying to claim as sweethearts, but the sudden and unexpected death of their father, caused them to lay off their gay dresses and put on those of mourning.

Leaving Frankfort on the 19th of September, we reached Georgetown on the following day, a distance of eighteen miles, and camped on the spot where the Yankees were camped a short time previous. While here a large body of troops, the most of whom were under command of General Heth, came marching from Covington, which is situated on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River, just opposite Cincinnati; it was at that time well fortified, and occupied by Federal troops. General Heth marched his men to within a short distance of the enemy's breastworks, and finding them to be very formidable, he abandoned the idea of attacking them. A great many of General Heth's troops were from Texas and Arkansas. I saw several regiments whose colors were very much soiled and torn, and in large capital letters bore this inscription: "Shiloh." I judged from that that they fought in the battle of Shiloh. They fought also in the battle of Richmond, Kentucky.

They had been in service a long time, and being such a great distance from home some of them began to look very ragged and dirty, and while some of the Yankees were making their escape, after the battle of Richmond, a citizen asked them, "How did the battle go?" and they replied, that "Those greasy Southern boys came very near 'eating us up.'"

We did not suffer any for water at Georgetown, as there is a spring at that place which is so large that the stream that runs from it is a creek of sufficient size to run a mill.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### SOLDIERS PUNISHED.

We were camped in an old field, and about one hundred yards from the fence. One morning I saw five soldiers all marching one behind an other in single file; each one had a very large stone on his shoulder. They marched up to the fence, and back to the encampment again, and continued marching in this style for two hours. This they had to do every alternate two hours for about two days. It was punishment inflicted upon them by their captain; three of them had been stealing, one had got drunk, and the other had visited the country without permission.

September 24. The entire army set out to-day for Mount Sterling; passing through New Town, Centerville, and camping at Paris, which is a town situated along the railroad, just eighteen miles from Georgetown.

September 25. Passed through Middletown, and arrived at camp, two miles from Mount Sterling, where we formed a junction with General Humphrey Marshall, who had just arrived across the mountains from Western Virginia. Our object now was to fight General Morgan, who was making his way out of Cumberland Gap. General Morgan gave us the dodge however, and went out through the mountains by the way of Tronton, and crossed over into Ohio.

Out from Paris, about six miles in Borbourn County, Kentucky, (which is noted for its fine Borbourn whiskey,) I sat down to rest by the side of a gate where two citizens were standing near, and a lady with a bucket of milk was giving one cup full to each soldier, who were crowded very thick around her. A very tall soldier who had just drank his cup full, which could be plainly seen by looking at the white appearance of his long mustache, said to the lady: "Fill my cup, as I hav'nt had any!" Looking him straight in the face, she exclaimed: "Oh!



you are trying to cheat me, your mustache has told on you.'— Our troops were then passing, regiment after regiment, for we had at that time a large army. One of these citizens who were standing near, remarked to the other: "The rebellion is large, but it is bound to swell still larger."

September 29. Near Mount Sterling. Started this day on the return to Frankfort. Advanced as far as Paris by night; returned to Georgetown the 30th of September.

October 2. Twelve o'clock. Left Georgetown; travelled the greater portion of the night, and reached Frankfort next morning.

October 4. Grand display in Frankfort to-day. R. Hawes, Military Governor, appointed by the Confederate authorities, was inaugurated; General Reynold's brigade escorted him to the capitol, by forming a military procession and accompanying him through the streets; heavy salutes were also fired by our artillery.

Unfortunately for us Governor Hawes' administration was of short duration, for the enemy appeared in large force on the opposite side of the river late that evening, and our Generals believing that our force was not sufficient to contend with the enemy successfully, burnt the bridges across the river and started to form a junction with General Bragg, who at that time had a considerable army in Kentucky. As we marched along that night we went by General Raines' brigade, who had large fires, which were built out of rails that they had taken off the different fences of a farm near the road.

We stopped at Versailles, and stayed from two o'clock until day.

October 5. Late in the evening we stacked arms on the bank of the Kentucky River, and took supper, which, besides our usual fare, consisted of pumpkins and kershaws, which our boys took from the adjoining field. After supper was over we took up the line of march, and hurried on to Salvisa. Our company was rear guard for the brigade that night, and the soldiers that dropped behind from the different brigades, were so numerous that every one we saw we would ask: "Do you belong to Leadbetter's?" and if answered in the affirmative, our command would be "forward."



## CHAPTER XV.

## BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF KENTUCKY.

Salvisa, Kentucky, October 6, 1862. Kentucky, that is, that portion which I have seen up to the present time, except the mountainous part which I don't deem worthy of describing, is a limestone country and poorly watered. It has but very few railroads, but has a great many turnpikes, the most of which are macadamized. The country is generally level, and the soil fertile, producing besides the products of the adjoining States, hemp in great abundance. It is a fine country for raising cattle. Vineyards are very numerous, and bees are very thrifty. So the Kentucky citizen is never at a loss for "wine, milk, and honey." The fences along these turnpikes are generally very substantial, being built principally of stone.

The country is very thinly timbered, and good timber is a considerable object. Walnut groves are very numerous, however, and our boys ate so many walnuts that they obtained the name of "Walnut Rangers."

The dwellings are constructed in the best of style, and are neatly furnished. The citizens are kind and obliging, and are generally very neatly dressed.

The most common mode of gathering corn is cutting the stalks and shocking them in the field where they stand for a short time, when they are hauled out and stored away in barns; provisions are always plentiful and cheap; bacon was six cents a pound while we were at Lexington.

The streams in Kentucky differ from the streams in Georgia, and the other Southern States, in one particular, which is this: the streams in Georgia, and the adjoining States, generally run through the bottom and level lands, while the hills are at a distance; while in Kentucky, and especially so with the Kentucky river, they run next to the hills, with the level land at a distance. Kentucky is very thickly settled, and we sometimes marched a whole day in a lane, the fences of which were built of stone.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## MOVEMENTS OF OUR ARMY PREVIOUS TO ITS DEPARTURE FROM KENTUCKY.

At Salvisa, water was so scarce and inconvenient, that our Quartermaster hauled it from a distance.

October 7. At twelve o'clock we started in the direction of Versailles; the weather was pleasant and the moon shone bright at night; we crossed the Kentucky river, and continued the march until nine o'clock, when we stacked arms, lay down, and rested until day; moved next morning to within one mile of Versailles, and stopped to cook provisions; having but few cooking utensils, and being limited as to time, we were compelled to cook on boards; our water was taken out of a pond which was muddy, and thickly mingled with green moss, warm and very bad tasted. We only cooked flour bread, having no meat along with us. The bread was not very well tasted, as it was just flour kneaded with pond water and salt, without any lard or soda. At Versailles we took the Harrodsburg road, and recrossed the Kentucky river that night, which we had to wade; lying down and sleeping awhile one mile beyond, we arose again and proceeded to within two miles of Lawrenceburg, and halted until day; as we thought to attack the place early that morning the enemy, who were in considerable force, left the town before we reached it; our cavalry captured about one hundred stragglers, who were left behind, most of whom were intoxicated; we pursued until twelve o'clock; crossed Salt river and abandoned the pursuit; our cavalry continued, however, and during the day they captured about five hundred of the enemy, and a number of wagons loaded with commissary stores; we had been marching all day without anything to eat, as we ate the last of our rations for breakfast, and not having quite enough we finished that meal by eating green pumpkins, which we roasted on the coals.

At Salt River we filed left, and continued the march until night, in a road that led into the Harrodsburg turnpike, near which we took up lodging, as we thought, for the night; one small piece of bacon and three small sugar crackers, of those which were captured during the day, was issued to each man; about two o'clock, which was the morning of the 10th of October, we arose and began our march for Harrodsburg; rested

that day several hours at El Dorado, during which time the boys ate all the cabbage that was growing in a garden near by, stripped an orchard of most of its apples, ate up the contents of a potato patch, and as many walnuts as they wanted, which lasted them to Harrodsburg, which place we reached that evening, and advanced one mile southwest of the town on the Perryville turnpike, and camped near where General Bragg's army, was standing face to face with the enemy; here we got full rations of bacon and flour.

The night was dark, drizzly and cool; all the rails on the surrounding fences were burnt that night, as we kept up large fires until morning; we were then in sight of General Bragg's army, which lay in line of battle, while the enemy, under General Buell, was in line of battle one mile beyond.

October 11. The drum beat early, which warned us to "fall in;" the men soon formed in two ranks behind the stacks of guns; almost every one thought that in a short time he would be out on the line of battle, ready to "pitch into" his enemy, who was but a short distance beyond; Colonel Watkins, mounted on his nice little roane animal, which he called "Sallie Mc-Grundy," appeared in front of his regiment, and after giving the commands preparatory to starting, gave the command forward march; but instead of marching towards the line of battle, we marched back through Harrodsburg, and camped that night a few miles from "Camp Dick Robinson;" here we began to prepare to leave the State. It is said that the enemy, whose force at that time was very large, had us almost surrounded, having us hemmed in in the shape of a horse-shoe. All the captains tore up their tent flies to make haversacks for the men to carry rations in.

*One of Bragg's grand movements*

## CHAPTER XVII.

### OUR DEPARTURE FROM KENTUCKY.

On the 13th of October, late in the evening, our whole army was put in motion, and soon found itself at Camp Dick Robinson; here were hundreds of pounds of pickled pork, which our people anticipated destroying to prevent them from falling into



the hands of the enemy; consequently every soldier was ordered to take as much of it as he was willing to carry; nearly every one took a piece, which he carried on his bayonet; we travelled all night without sleeping any; just a short time before day we approached to within a few miles of the town of Lancaster, and suddenly I heard the commands: "halt," "front," "load at will," "load;" here our boys threw away the greater portion of their pork, as we would soon reach Lancaster, where we expected to have an engagement with the enemy; we passed through Lancaster about sunrise; we didn't see any Yanks, but learned that a large number of them, under General Buell, had passed through there during the night; the enemy went towards Crab Orchard, and we went towards "Big Hill."

October 14. Lay down to rest about the middle of the day, and remained until two o'clock at night, when we started again and landed at the foot of Big Hill about twelve o'clock in the day.

October 15. Rested until near night, when Colonel Watkins took command of fifteen hundred men, among which was our regiment, to assist in pushing the wagons up the hill; we were divided into three reliefs, and worked faithfully pushing and shoving the wagons all night.

October 16. Rested at foot of Big Hill; at dark was ordered to report on top the hill, fell into line, marched to the road, and stayed until two o'clock, waiting for the artillery to get up the hill; here we drew one day's half rations of flour and beef, and a little whisky; the moon rose just as we reached the top; we continued the march and reached Rock Castle river about one o'clock in the day.

October 18. Started at four o'clock, travelled all day, and about eight o'clock at night we were marched into an old field (or in other words a brier patch) to camp. One cup of salt to the company and some beef was then issued, but we had no bread; corn was just ripe enough to grate well, and most of the boys, knowing our situation in the commissary line, entered some fields near the road and filled their haversacks; some punched holes in the bottoms of their tin cups and grated meal for their supper, while others ate parched corn and beef.

Water was extremely scarce. I started in search of some, and came to the run of a branch which had gone dry. I dipped



enough from the horse tracks that were sunk in the mud to fill my canteen, but there was not enough left to fill another canteen.

October 19. Our men are beginning to suffer with hunger, having subsisted since the thirteenth principally on parched corn. Cabbage patches, orchards, and Chinese sugar cane, is shown no quarter by our army to-day.

### KENTUCKY LAD SHAVED AND WHIPPED FOR STEALING A HORSE.

During our march that day, I saw a young lad about sixteen years of age sitting by the side of the road, and a crowd of soldiers standing by, one of whom was shaving the hair off one side of his head as close as it could be done with shears. Upon interrogating the crowd, I soon ascertained that the lad was a member of General Duford's Kentucky cavalry, and had stolen a horse from a lieutenant of Captain Waddell's artillery.

Those who had the young man in custody, all of whom were members of Waddell's artillery, informed me that they were not prepared to drum him out of service, as there was no musicians present, but, in lieu thereof, they intended to put the lash upon his back. Spent the night about eighteen miles from Cumberland Ford.

October 20. Stacked arms at two o'clock this evening along the Cumberland River, two miles from Flat Lick, and five miles from Cumberland Ford in Knox County, Kentucky.

A mill stood in front of our gun stacks, and in a field, on the opposite side of the river, was a quantity of threshed wheat, which was not well fanned.

Our Colonel sent after the wheat, pressed the mill, and started it to grinding. The mill run all night, and by morning enough was ground to give the regiment a scanty meal. I stepped into the mill, took a small quantity of flour which had not been bolted, the greater portion of which was chaff and brand; I kneaded it up in a tin cup, and baked it on a small piece of iron for my supper; beef was issued that night without any salt.

October 21. Moved one mile south of Cumberland Ford, and halted to camp about ten o'clock at night. A small portion of bread was then given to each man; no wood being handy

we lay down, each man having one blanket ; we could not keep warm, as the night was very cool.

October 22. Travelled about sixteen miles, passed Cumberland Gap, and camped five miles south of it on the bank of Powell's River. During our march to-day, we saw between the "ford" and the "gap," the distance of which is about twelve miles, twenty-seven dead horses and mules.

Although it is getting late in the fall, the roads are very dusty, and the dust which was raised by the cavalry, while they were passing us to-day, almost completely hid us from sight.

At Cumberland Gap, I examined the Yankee camps which stood at the foot of the mountain on the north side. A great many paroled convalescents were in them..

It is said that General Morgan, previous to his departure from that place, had holes dug in the shape of graves, and had his artillery placed in them, covered over, and pieces of plank placed at each end, by which means we would suppose them to be graves. At the foot of the mountain, on the south side, is a mill built in a few steps of a spring, which is so large that its branch keeps the mill running.

From the top of the mountain, the country is visible for many miles around ; here one can get a glance at what I term "beautiful mountain scenery." A few paces from the very summit, on the south side, stands the corner stone of three States, viz : Kentucky, Virginia, and Tennessee.

As I stepped over the line into Tennessee, and felt the cool, soft, and pleasant breeze of "Dixie," it called to my mind the reading of that chapter in the Holy Bible, which tells about the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea, after which they sat down and sang, and played on their musical instruments, and I do believe at that time music would have been the sweetest sound in the world to me. Thus ended our campaign in Kentucky.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## MOVEMENTS IN TENNESSEE SUBSEQUENT TO OUR CAMPAIGN IN KENTUCKY.

October 23. At Powell's River we drew full rations, and started for Tazewell, which place we reached about ten o'clock; here we caught up with our wagons which had been in advance of us during our march out of Kentucky.

October 24. Left Tazewell, travelled in the direction of Knoxville, waded Clinch River, and pitched our camp on a hill five miles south of it; next day we reached Blains' Cross Roads.

October 26. Remained at Blains' Cross Roads to-day; it is snowing very heavy, and we are without tents. We keep large fires out of rails which we are packing on our shoulders half a mile.

October 28. General Leadbetter started to Mobile, Alabama, to take charge of the forts near that city, and Colonel Skidmore Harris, of the Forty-Third Georgia Regiment, (who was transferred to our brigade at Mount Sterling, Kentucky,) being the ranking Colonel, took command and conducted us to Lenoir's station, which is situated on the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad, just twenty-one miles from Knoxville, which place we reached the thirtieth day of October; here we got our tents and cooking utensils again. The following morning, one officer from each company, the most of whom were captains, started home to Georgia on detail to get winter clothing for the regiment.

While we were at this place, a brigade was formed out of the following regiments: Thirty-Sixth Georgia, commanded by Col. Glenn; Thirty-Fourth Georgia, commanded by Colonel Johnson; Thirty-Ninth Georgia, commanded by Colonel McConnell; Fifty-Sixth Georgia, commanded by Colonel Watkins; and the Fifty-Seventh Georgia, commanded by Colonel Barkaloo; and placed under command of General Thomas H. Taylor.

We remained at Lenoir's station eighteen days, and during that time there was a great deal of sickness; from two to three soldiers were buried there every day during our stay. An old miller living near our camp was grinding one day, and said to some of our boys who were standing in the mill, that "soldiers were great rogues," but they were not "sharp" enough to steal



from him. That evening the boys came into camp with the old man's coat buttons and a sack of meal; the old man, no doubt, was an old "union skunk," and had he held his tongue, he probably would not have lost his buttons and meal.

November 17. Took the cars for Tullahoma, Tennessee; got as far as Chattanooga by night, took off our baggage, and slept alongside the railroad; next morning we proceeded to Bridgeport, Alabama, and camped on the island; the bridge being only completed across one prong of the river, the following day we crossed west prong of the river in ferry boat "Florence."

November 20. Took the cars again and proceeded on to Tullahoma, arriving there next evening.

November 24. Marched from Tullahoma to Manchester in Coffee County, Tennessee, a distance of twelve miles, and established our camp on Duck River, one and a half miles north of the town.

December 7. Orders received to proceed immediately to Readyville, which is twenty-three miles distant. Travelled a very short distance to-day, as the weather is very cold, and the ground is covered with snow; at night slept tolerably comfortable, considering that we had to lay on snow which we only partially covered with "broom sage."

December 9. Arrived and established our camp two miles east of Readyville, near the Murfreesboro and McMinnville turnpike, in Cannon County, Tennessee; here we drilled regular, company drill in the forenoon every day, and battalion and brigade drill every alternate day in the afternoon.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### OUR TRIP FROM TENNESSEE TO MISSISSIPPI.

Orders came for our division, which is commanded by Gen. C. L. Stephenson, to proceed immediately to Jackson, Mississippi, and report to Lieutenant General J. C. Pemberton, commanding the department of Mississippi and East Louisiana; accordingly we started on the 20th day of December, and camped that night two miles from Murfreesborough; passed



through Murfreesborough next day, and camped two miles down the railroad in a cedar grove.

December 24. At dawn of day the regiment got aboard the cars near Murfreesborough, Tennessee, and arrived in Chattanooga at sunset; here we spent our Christmas, and during the day our boys worked a nice Christmas trick on one of the citizens who had just killed a large lot of hogs, and brought in a load of backbones to sell to the soldiers; the trick was this: the boys surrounded the wagon as though they were going to buy all he had, and while some were talking with the old gentleman, asking the prices and occasionally buying one or two, the others were handing them out to their comrades behind, who were carrying them off.

The old man's backbones were disappearing so rapidly, and the money coming in so slow, he took the hint, and laid whip to his horses, not however until the boys had jayhawked backbones enough to last them several days.

The boys managed that trick so well, they concluded to try their hands again; orders were then very strict against any one selling whisky to soldiers; a citizen informed one of the boys that he had a canteen of whisky, and he would let him have it for eight dollars; his reply was it is a trade, as soon as I step and get my canteen, and while he was getting the canteen he told three of his comrades to watch him, and as soon as they saw him emptying the whisky from one canteen to the other, to rush up with guns and take him prisoner; just as he got the whisky into his canteen, they came up and asked him what he had in the canteen; he replied water; "let me see," says one of them, at the same time pulling out the stopper, and placing his nose to the mouth of the canteen; "water, ah! bring him down to headquarters, boys;" the citizen fearing they would arrest him for selling the whisky, ran off minus the eight dollars, and probably thought he had escaped well by getting away without being arrested; the boys proceeded to camp, stacked arms, and had a fine time drinking and laughing over the trick.

A soldier who witnessed these two tricks, seeing that they were well managed, concluded to try his luck; an old lady came up with a basket of pies, and while she was telling the prices this soldier slipped a pie out of the basket; the old lady having

watched somewhat closer than he anticipated, lifted his hat from his head, remarking, at the same time, that "a fair exchange is no open robbery;" the boys who were crowded around began to laugh; the soldier, seeing that he was caught, laid the pie in the basket, and the old lady returned the hat.

Christmas night. Lieutenant Colonel Slaughter 'pressed the passenger train; we all stepped aboard, and next morning found ourselves in Atlanta, Georgia; in a few hours we stepped into the cars again, which soon began to roll on towards the west. Orders were issued, prior to our departure from Tennessee, that no leave of absence or furlough would be granted while *en route* to Mississippi. I had now to pass through Fairburn, which is just eight miles from home, from which place I had just been absent seven months; presently the whistle blew, and the cars stopped, and sure enough there we were at the depot in Fairburn; the temptation to visit home was great, but good officers and soldiers never disobey orders; it is sufficient to say that if I could not get to see I thought of the "loved ones at home;" in a few minutes the whistle blew again, and I heard the cry of "all aboard;" I leaped into the car, and the old steam engine and the iron wheels soon began to bear us still further westward; they "continued the wheel" until they rolled us into West-Point about nine o'clock at night.

Some of the boys were missing from every company; the temptation to visit home was too strong, and during the day they leaped off the cars, to take what they termed a "French furlough;" the majority of them returned to their commands, however, in a short time.

It was Christmas times, and during the day some of the boys had taken a little more than an average supply of whisky, which caused them to be a little thirsty; the train halted for a few minutes, and they called to a negro, who was standing near the car, to bring them water quick; the negro ran, and in the shortest time imaginable, handed a bucket of water into the car; one of the boys began to drink out of the bucket; the whistle blew and the train began moving off slowly; the negro ran along keeping up with the train until it began running at full speed, exclaiming, "Master please gim me de bucket"—"Master please gim me de bucket; the last I saw of the negro he was running at full speed, exclaiming, "Master please gim

me de bucket;" and the last the negro saw of the bucket, the thirsty soldier was standing with it almost bottom side up, in the door of the car, drinking as though he didn't intend to cease until he had swallowed its contents.

Passing on some distance farther, the car stopped again; two negroes came up to the car with a sack of potatoes, which they offered for sale; one of the boys lifted the sack into the car, and began to distribute the potatoes among his comrades, who were crowded very thickly around him. One of the negroes said, "*Master aint you gwine to pay me for the taters?*" The soldier pointed his gun towards the negro, and told him if he didn't "*skedaddle* he would shoot him." The negro ran off about ten paces, and said: "Master, if you won't pay me for the taters, gim me de sack?" About that time the gun fired, and the negroes leaped behind a tree; another soldier held up his gun and fired at the top of the tree; the negroes then commenced running; here they both went at full speed through the woods, leaping over logs, rocks, sticks and bushes. The boys were only aiming to have some fun out of them, and then pay them for their potatoes, but the negroes understood the joke to be in good earnest.

We remained at West Point one day to cook rations; our encampment was situated on a level spot near one of the hotels. While the boys were passing into the hotel yard to get water, they discovered in the cook house a large quantity of sweet potatoes piled up to the sill of a back window; two of the boys made an agreement to pay them a visit that night; accordingly about ten o'clock the boys approached the window, and found that one of the lower panes of glass was broken out—the moon was shining bright. The cooks were sitting by the fire, which was but a few paces from the window, busily engaged in a conversation. The boys arms being rather too short to reach the potatoes, they sharpened the end of a stick which they thrust into the potatoes, and by this means they soon drew out enough to fill their sack, which held about two bushels.

December 28. Eleven o'clock finds the Fifty-Sixth Georgia Regiment on board the cars, the whistle has just blown, and here we go still westward. Ten o'clock at night finds us at the boat landing in Montgomery, Alabama, getting aboard the steamer "R. B. Taney."



December 29. Travelled down the Alabama River, landed at Selma in the evening, stepped up that high bluff, and lay down 'till morning.

December 30. Took the train at Selma, and at two o'clock, P. M., rolled into Demopolis; looking down the street to my right, I saw it was crowded with beautiful ladies, and a short distance beyond them I saw a long table under a row of beautiful trees which stood along the side walk. Provisions cooked in the best style was soon placed upon the table, and the whole car load of soldiers, consisting of two regiments, were invited to dinner. We marched up to one side of the table, while the ladies stood on the other side and waited on us with the greatest pleasure and politeness.

While conversing with a young lady, she informed me that they had been feeding soldiers seven days, and had provisions enough prepared to feed them seven more, and if the soldiers continued passing through, that they didn't intend to cease feeding them as long as Demopolis could furnish a pound of meat, or a loaf of bread.

The ladies of Demopolis have the praise of being kind, beautiful, and patriotic. They also have the thanks and best wishes of every soldier in General Stevenson's division. I can say that Demopolis is a lovely little town, situated on the eastern bank of the Tombigby River, in Marengo County, Alabama.

At sunset we started down the Tombigby River on steamer "Marengo," and got ashore at McDowell's landing, four miles from Demopolis.

#### A LAD SHAVED, WHIPPED AND DRUMMED OUT OF SERVICE, JANUARY 1st, 1863.

McDowell's landing, on the Tombigby River, Sumpter County, Alabama, early in the morning, January 1, 1863.

Captain Rowling lay down last night, and placed his boots near his head; he arose this morning and the boots were missing; by searching around in his bare feet, he found them together with other articles, which were missing from the regiment, in the possession of a young lad named Rataree, who already bore the reputation of being a considerable rogue.

The punishment inflicted, was this: His shirt taken off, and one hundred and one stripes placed upon his back; the hair



shaved off one side of his head; marched through the encampment in advance of a large crowd of soldiers, who followed close behind under sound of the tune called the "Rogues March," with his hat in his hand. This has just been done, and Rataree is considered fully discharged from the Confederate service.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### MANŒUVRES OF THE FIFTY-SIXTH GEORGIA REGIMENT IN MISSISSIPPI.

At nine o'clock in the night, 1st of January, 1863, the whistle blew and the cars stopped in Meridian, Mississippi. The Fifty-Sixth Georgia Regiment took off its baggage, and reposed in the streets until morning.

The country around has an unfavorable appearance, it has a flat surface, the timber is principally pine, and in some places it is somewhat inclined to be swampy.

January 5. Cars bore us from Meridian to Jackson to-day, from which place our camp is two miles distant; passed through fine country to-day, generally level, and has a fertile appearance.

January 24. Late in the evening ordered to Vicksburg, got aboard the cars and travelled all night, and reached our place of destination early next morning.

Vicksburg, January 25. Here we find everything selling at high figures, biscuits from one to two dollars per dozen, chickens two dollars each, eggs two dollars per dozen, butter two dollars per pound, milk two dollars per gallon, shoes fifteen dollars per pair, a meal of victuals two dollars, &c.

February 3. Ordered to Big Black River, thirteen miles distant, to guard the railroad bridge; returned to Vicksburg the seventh of February.

Rations that are being issued to us now, are as follows: beef of the poorest quality, corn meal of the coarsest quality, black molasses, peas, and sugar.

Every ten days our regiment is sent to Warrenton, a small place ten miles down the river, on picket duty, which duty is very disagreeable—it is performed thus: We rise early in the morning, the weather being very cool, start and walk ten miles

over a muddy road, and arrive at the picket post about eleven o'clock. Our diet consists of cold beef and corn bread, cooked previous to our leaving camps; in two days we return. We remain on picket the two days and nights, let the weather be as it may; our only bed is one blanket.

One night in every week we slept in the streets of Vicksburg. This duty we performed until the third day of April, when we moved our camp to the upper end of the fortifications, near Chickasaw bayou.

When the gunboat "Indianola" was captured, we found among its crew three soldiers who had formerly belonged to our army, but had deserted and went to the Yankees about twelve months prior to their capture. A court martial was held and they were sentenced to be shot. General Stevenson's division was ordered to execute the sentence upon one of them; it was a solemn duty.

About ten o'clock in the morning the division formed, and marched about one mile south of the city, and formed three sides of a hollow square.

At the centre of the gap where the fourth side would be, were the square complete, stood a stake which the deserter was tied to; just behind the stake were his coffin and grave.

At the centre of the square, stood twelve men with loaded guns—six of which were loaded with blank cartridges; the commands: "Ready, aim, fire," was given, and the unfortunate man was no more.

### MY TRIP UP THE YAZOO RIVER.

On the 21st of March I was detailed to take charge of ordnance stores for General Loring's command, which at that time was stationed at Fort Pemberton, which is situated three miles at Greenwood, Miss., on the Yazoo; I started in the evening and took lodging that night ten miles from Vicksburg, with a wealthy old bachelor seventy-three years of age; it was dark when I reached his house; I rode up to the gate, hitched my horse, stepped into the piazza, and asked the old gentleman if I could get lodging for the night; his reply was: "I suppose you can stay, but I can't be responsible for your horse, as there has recently been a good many horses stolen in the neighborhood, and if you stay you will stand a chance of losing him;"

this alarmed me a little; I stayed, however, and next morning my horse was all right; I mounted him, and in a short time rode up to the boat landing near Snyder's Bluff; had my ordnance stores put on board the steamer "Magnolia," which was very much crowded with soldiers; I then sent my horse back to Vicksburg; after seeing my ordnance stores carefully placed away on deck, and a guard placed over them, I went up into the cabin to get supper, having had no dinner; I learned upon entering the cabin that there was no person aboard except soldiers, who, previous to the boat's starting drew rations to last them to Yazoo City, and of course they would not dispose of any of them; my next object was to get a lodging place; I took the berths as I came to them, beginning at number one, and examined all on that side the boat, and found them occupied by soldiers; I started up the opposite side, and presently I came to one that was unoccupied; I soon discovered that all the furniture had been taken out of the room; I lay down across the pieces which were placed there to support the bed, and was soon asleep, and when I awoke in the morning I was completely wet, as it was raining very rapidly, and the water was pouring down upon me from a hole in the top of the boat. About four o'clock that evening the Magnolia stopped to take in wood; I began to feel very hungry, it being then about thirty-two hours since I had eaten anything; I went to a house which was but a short distance from the river, and asked the lady if I could get dinner; she said that dinner was over, but she could give me some meat and bread; accordingly she gave me some corn bread and pork, which I ate and returned to the Magnolia, whose bell rang to start just as I leaped aboard; in a short time the Magnolia tied up at the wharf in Yazoo City; I then proceeded to the hotel and stayed all night; next morning I returned to the wharf, shifted my ordnance stores to the steamer "Hope" and continued up the river; I found that the Hope had more soldiers aboard than the Magnolia, consequently I, with several others, spent the night without sleeping any; in the morning I arrived at Fort Pemberton; delivered my ordnance stores; returned to the boat landing, cast my eyes down the river, and saw the Hope going at full speed on the return to Yazoo City; there I was, left amid an army of strange soldiers, with no place to sleep and not a pound of subsistence: I inquired of them if



there was any dwelling near; they said there was none; the country was overflowed by the back waters of the Mississippi river on one side of the fort, and the enemy was encamped on the other.

I then reported my condition to Colonel T. N. Waul, who was commanding the fort and garrison; he informed me that, in all probability, it would be several weeks before a boat would be up at the fort again; and that I had best cross the river, and go down to General Tilghman's headquarters, about two miles down the river, and there I would probably find a boat, it being a regular boat landing; accordingly I started across the river in a flat bottomed boat, which was oared by about half a dozen creoles, not one of whom I could understand.

We had not quite reached the main current of the stream, when I heard something strike the bottom of the boat, and it stopped suddenly; the boat was just about balanced on a stump, which was under it, near the centre; it was then about three o'clock in the evening; there I and those creoles pushed, pulled and tugged until the sun was just hiding himself behind the western horizon, when we all gave a simultaneous pull with the oars, which carried the boat from over the stump.

As I stepped out of the boat on the bank of the river, I began running, and did not take a step slower than the double-quick until I reached General Tilghman's headquarters; I tried to get lodging on the steamer "John Walsh," which was tied up at the landing, and found it to be in the same condition of the *Magnolia*.

I then started to the batteau landing, some three hundred yards below, to cross over to a dwelling which stood near the opposite bank of the river; I had just reached the place where the batteau lay, when I saw two men coming at full speed on horseback, from General Tilghman's headquarters; they told me to "about face;" that I had to go before General Tilghman; very well, was my reply, and I immediately turned and went with them; a guard met us before we got there, and I marched up before General Tilghman under the point of the bayonet; I took from my pocket the receipts for my ordnance stores, also the order detailing me to accompany them to Fort Pemberton, and handed them to the General, who perused and handed them back to me, remarking at the same time, "all right, Lieutenant;



you being a stranger, dressed in citizens clothes, and seeking a place to lodge, I thought it best to ascertain who you are, and how you came here;" he then stepped into his office and wrote to the lady who resided in the house on the opposite side of the river, which note read as follows:

"Mrs. Leslie will oblige General Tilghman if she can accommodate Lieutenant O. A. Cantrell, C. S. A., for the night, as he is a stranger here and has no place to stay. Camp Loring, March 25, 1863."

The lady had a great deal of company, but being a particular friend of General Tilghman's she consented for me to stay; next morning I bought provisions enough to last me to Vicksburg, and hired a negro to cook them; that evening I got aboard the John Walsh, which soon started for Yazoo city; I spent the night without sleeping, as all the bedding had been taken off the boat; reached Yazoo City on the following day, and got aboard the "Hartford City" and slept that night on a pile of corn; next day I reached Vicksburg.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### OUR TRIP TO DEER CREEK

April 6. Left Vicksburg at nine o'clock, P. M.; travelled all night, and at break of day reached the boat landing near Snyder's Bluff, and immediately started up the river on the steamer Peyton; we travelled up the Yazoo until we reached the mouth of the Sun Flower river, which we travelled up until we reached Lake George, from which place the Hope took us up to Rolling Fork, where we had to travel two miles in flat-bottom boats oared by negroes; we got on board these boats at sunset, and reached the landing, two miles distant, at one o'clock in the night; my patience was worn out, for we were seven hours going two miles; we advanced up the stream inch by inch; as we stepped out of the boat one of the boys remarked that he "thought a snail could have crawled that distance while we were travelling it;" we cooked rations immediately, and began marching up Deer Creek; we marched thirteen miles up the creek, and back five by night.

April 10. Marched back and established our camp at the fork of Deer Creek. In Washington, the adjoining county, the enemy had a large force, who were plundering and destroying a great deal of property; a great many negroes were taken off the farms, and a great many dwellings were burnt; in fact a great many wealthy citizens were almost reduced to extreme poverty; numbers of refugees passed by our camps every day. Here I became convinced that the "Yankees had no regard for honor, nor respect for human feelings."

Deer Creek, Issequena county, Mississippi, April 23, 1863. Hung a negro at ten o'clock, A. M., for bearing dispatches for the Yankees, which he had concealed in a plug of tobacco; he hung until night, when he was taken down and dissected by our army surgeon. Our regiment remained on Deer Creek eighteen days, during which time our principal employment was fishing; I scarcely ate a meal while we were there, without having fish.

April 28. Received orders to return to Vicksburg, and got aboard the boat in the evening.

May 1. Landed at Snyder's Bluff, travelled nearly all night, and reached Vicksburg a short time before day.

Vicksburg, Mississippi, May 3. Ordered to proceed immediately to Grand Gulf, as reinforcements for our army who are in close contact with the enemy. Received news to-day of the loss of General Tracy and a considerable number of men, and that our forces are falling back this side of Big Black River.—Late in the evening, fifteen miles from Vicksburg, received orders to move in the direction of Big Black bridge.

May 4. Stacked arms at the fork of a road, where the sign board are marked thus: "To Vicksburg, ten miles; to Hall's Ferry, ten miles; to Warrenton, nine miles." Here we awaited for further orders. We passed by the residence of Dr. Nailor to-day, whom we all admit to be the most patriotic citizen that we have met with in Mississippi; he had barrels of cool cistern water, which is a valuable "*item*" in Mississippi, and which his servants had just drawn from the cisterns. Sitting at the road side, he and his whole family were busily engaged in giving each soldier a drink and filling his canteen. His table, free of charge, was setting for one and all. Dr. Nailor said he had been feeding soldiers ever since the beginning of the war, and never had exacted one cent. in return.

May 12. General A. Cumming, of Georgia, took command of our brigade to-day; began marching at nine o'clock in the night, and continued until three o'clock; the following evening we crossed Big Black River, and camped two miles southeast of Edward's station.

May 15. It rained very rapidly yesterday, and the ground being wet I slept last night on a bed of rails. Six o'clock, P. M., started to the battle field, and lay down to sleep about midnight near the enemy.

The following is General Pemberton's address to his soldiers, which was printed and distributed among them a few days previous to the battle of Baker's Creek:

HEADQUARTERS,  
DEPARTMENT MISSISSIPPI AND EAST LOUISIANA, }  
Vicksburg, May 12th, 1863. }

*Soldiers of the Army, in and around Vicksburg:*

The hour of trial has come! The enemy who has so long threatened Vicksburg in front, has, at last, effected a landing in this department; and his march into the interior of Mississippi has been marked by the devastation of one of the fairest portions of the State! He seeks to break the communications between the members of the Confederacy, and to control the navigation of the Mississippi River! The issue involves everything endeared to a free people! The enemy fights for the privilege of plunder and oppression! You fight for your country, homes, wives, children, and the birth-rights of freemen! Your commanding General, believing in the truth and sacredness of this cause, has cast his lot with you, and stands ready to peril his life and all he holds dear for the triumph of the right! God, who rules in the affairs of men and nations, loves justice and hates wickedness. He will not allow a cause so just to be trampled in the dust. In the day of conflict let each man, appealing to Him for strength, strike home for victory, and our triumph is at once assured. A grateful country will hail us as deliverers, and cherish the memory of those who may fall as martyrs in her defence.

Soldiers! be vigilant, brave and active; let there be no cowards, nor laggards, nor stragglers from the ranks—and the God of battles will certainly crown our efforts with success.

J. C. PEMBERTON,  
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## BATTLE OF BAKER'S CREEK, MISSISSIPPI.

May 16. A terrible battle was fought to-day. General Pemberton moved to within a short distance of the enemy, and arranged his troops in line of battle; an engagement commenced, and continued until late in the evening.

The Fifty-Sixth Georgia Regiment was in the thickest of the engagement, and its killed, wounded and missing are considerable. Among the wounded is Colonel E. P. Watkins, who acted gallantly and nobly during the engagement. Colonel Watkins had been in ill health six months previous to the battle, and was under medical treatment at Vicksburg. When he heard that his regiment was marching to the battle-field he immediately started for the scene of action, and although he was scarcely able to sit upon his horse he hurried on, and his tall and slender form appeared before his regiment, just as it was taking its position in front of the enemy. I am proud to say, however, that Colonel Watkins' wound is only slight.

I regret very much to have to record the death of General Lloyd Tilghman, who fell during the day; he died the patriot's death, "amid the roar of cannon and din of battle."

The enemy being superior to us in numbers, we, after fighting them all day, sustaining heavy loss, retired in the evening, and turned up our heads next morning inside the fortifications at Big Black bridge.

May 17. General Pemberton left a brigade at Big Black bridge, and with the remainder of his army proceeded to the fortifications at Vicksburg.

The enemy attacked Big Black bridge, and after a terrible battle the bridge, together with the majority of the brigade, fell into his hands, not, however, until the bridge was all in flames, which was soon reduced to ashes.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

## SIEGE OF VICKSBURG—FORTY-SEVEN DAYS IN THE DITCHES.

Upon recording a siege, the history and suffering of which is almost equal to compare with any placed upon ancient or modern records, I deem it necessary, in order to give the reader a more complete idea of the events and particulars as they transpired, to give a complete description of the city and fortifications.

The city of Vicksburg, which is very correctly termed the "Hill City," is situated on a number of small hills, which extend along the eastern bank of the Mississippi River. This same range of hills reaches for several miles north, south, and east of the city; in consequence of which hundreds of little villages, ravines, and gullies intervened. About one mile from the city a chain of these hills begins at the river below, and continues about the same distance from the city, until they reach the river above, forming a hemi-circle around the city, nearly in the shape of a half moon. This half circle is of such uniform regularity, that it seems as though it was formed for the great crisis of '63.

The fortifications extended around on the summits of this chain of hills, and inside of this small compass was General Pemberton's command, which consisted, as near as I could ascertain, of about thirty thousand men. The entrenchments were about three feet in width, and about four feet in depth; and at the centre of each regiment, which were stationed around in them, was situated a battery. Sacks were made of our tents, filled with sand, and laid on top the outer bank of the ditches. At the distance of thirty paces in front of the entrenchments, pieces of timber four feet long, the ends of which were sharpened, were driven into the earth, inclining outwards at an angle of about forty-five degrees. At some places brush were placed instead of timber, the limbs of which were trimmed to sharp points, and extended in the direction of the enemy. Just in front of this timber and brush a wire was fixed about three feet from the ground; all of which were to prevent the enemy from charging our breastworks. In the rear of our fortifications, ditches were dug from the entrenchments on the tops of the

hills to some distance down them, in order that the men might pass into them, and out again, without being exposed to the fire of the enemy.

In front of the city, which is immediately west, the Mississippi river, which is one mile wide, runs immediately east, and about two miles from the city, (which is in plain view) the river turns, running north something over a mile, when it turns again east, circling until it runs due south, forming in front of the city a peninsula something over a mile in length, and about one mile in breadth, and on this peninsula the Yankees planted about half a dozen large mortar guns, from which they commenced shelling the city at the beginning of the siege, and continued day and night until the siege was over, killing at times sick and wounded soldiers, also, women and children; our large siege batteries commanded the river from the first bend above the city, to where our fortifications joined it below.

I have often heard of the days that "tried men's souls," but in the besieging of the city of Vicksburg, both the souls and bodies of its defenders were beyond the "shadow of a doubt" thoroughly tried, which can be learned by perusing the following facts, as penned by one of the surviving defenders:

We took our positions in the entrenchments on the 18th day of May, and were relieved on the fourth day of July by a capitulation of our commanding General.

The sufferings which the Southern troops endured during their forty-seven days confinement to the ditches, day and night, in the hot parching sun, in the hard pelting rain, can better be imagined than described.

During this time of trial, rations were issued to us as follows: the first week half rations of beef and corn bread; the second week half a loaf of pea bread, a piece of beef the size of a hen egg, and a small quantity of sugar each day, (the pea bread was made of the common pea ground and mixed with half its quantity of corn meal;) the commissary then issued flour enough for two biscuits to each man a day, a small quantity of bacon, peas and rice; the next issue each man only had enough flour to make one small biscuit a day and quarter rations of peas, rice and sugar; the rations continued at this until the third of July, when mule meat was issued to us, some of which was eaten by the soldiers; peas sold at one dollar per quart; biscuits

one dollar each; and pea meal seventy-five dollars per bushel during the siege.

I visited the infirmary, and there I saw a scene of suffering which can scarcely be described; around me lay the sick, the wounded, the dying; the wounded were in great numbers; some with arms torn off, some with eyes out, and some with legs broken; my sympathies were touched, but mere sympathizing with the suffering soldiers added nothing to their comfort. The number of horses and mules belonging to our army was considerable, and many of them were killed every day.

All the citizens had hiding places dug in the hills to protect their families from the shot and shell which fell almost as thick as hail during the siege; signs of that siege will be seen for hundreds of years to come.

During the whole siege we stayed in the ditches under the following orders: No one allowed to take off his cartridge-box, shoes or any article of clothing, day nor night; one-third of the men to be on guard all the time.

The enemy made a great many desperate charges, and every time, after sustaining heavy loss, were driven back in confusion; one charge was made and there was scarcely a man on the enemy's side who survived the charge; nearly the entire regiment making the charge was killed within thirty paces of our breastworks. The enemy approached so near our fortifications at some points, that each party fought with hand grenades; at one place the enemy mined our breastworks, and blew them up with powder; our men, being aware of what was going to take place, erected new breastworks and dug new ditches in the rear of the original ones, and fell back to them before the enemy had the tunnel completed; when the explosion took place, the enemy made a charge, thinking that they would bayonet what few of our men were not killed by being blown up, and then march inside the fortifications; but a volley from our men in the new ditches, killing about half of them, warned the survivors of the trick, and they fled in wild confusion.

One day a flag of truce was sent out, the bearer of which informed the Yankees that permission was granted for them to bury their dead; all firing immediately ceased, and our men rose up out of their entrenchments and stood upon the bank, while the blue-looking Yankee army stood on top the embank-



ment of their fortifications, some two hundred yards distant; numbers from each party met on the half way ground and conversed with each other.

The dead were buried in this manner: shallow holes dug, the bodies thrown in, and the dirt thrown on top of them. After fighting desperately during the day, our men and the Yankees would talk to one another during the night.

The pickets were sent out at dark, and remained on post during the whole night; terrible picket fighting was continually going on. It is impossible for me to tell the number that were killed and wounded during the siege; a great many were killed and wounded each day inside of our lines, but the enemy's loss must have been a great deal heavier than ours.

We lost but one General during the siege, and that was the brave General Greene of Missouri, who was killed at his post while faithfully discharging his duty.

The gunboats and our land batteries fought an artillery duel nearly every day, which would sometimes result in sinking a boat or two.

After remaining in the ditches two or three weeks, we began to look for relief from General Joseph E. Johnston; dispatches were afloat every day that couriers had run the blockade, and brought dispatches from General Johnston, who was said to be close in the rear, with a large army; some would imagine and assert that they heard his cannon roaring in the distance; at night, as I lay down in my ditch, I thought wonders might be wrought in twenty-four hours; I knew not in such eventful times what "a day might bring forth," for we lived on the hope of the morrow.

A flag of truce was sent out on the third of July, and the surrender was made on the fourth. The following are the terms of capitulation: "All officers allowed to carry out their side arms; field and staff officers allowed to carry out their horses; all servants allowed to go with their masters if they choose to do so.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## TRIP FROM VICKSBURG HOME.

On the 5th of July Colonel E. P. Watkins, who was hopping on his crutches, from the wounds received in the battle of Baker's Creek, formed his regiment in a hallow square, and delivered to his men a short and eloquent address, telling them that although we meet with reverses and misfortunes that it ought not to discourage us, but make us more determined, and for us to stand firm by the banner of our country, and we would be finally successful. Every soldier in the Fifty-Sixth Georgia Regiment ought to be proud of Colonel Watkins.

*Scene in the City of Vicksburg after the Siege was over.*— A Yankee soldier riding through the streets in a buggy with a negro woman sitting by his side. The Yankees formed and armed a negro regiment, just a few days before we left Vicksburg.

## OUR TRIP FROM VICKSBURG HOME.

On the 8th of July we were paroled, and on the 12th of July we left Vicksburg; each soldier was searched by a Yankee officer before passing out of their lines. We started with rations to last us to Brandon, Mississippi, a distance of about fifty miles, at which place we expected to take the cars and proceed to our homes. We camped, night after our departure from the "Hill City," along the eastern bank of Big Black River, near where the battle of Big Black bridge was fought on the 17th day of May. The night was dark and drizzly, and during the dead hours of the night an alarm was given, almost every soldier arose to his feet, not knowing "what was to pay." We soon learned that loose horses were running through the encampment. The horses ran over two soldiers, breaking one's thigh and the other's skull, and another was so terribly frightened that he died in a few moments. The night following we camped near the town of Raymond; six miles from Raymond we passed a nice watering place called "Cooper's Well," it is a summer resort for the gay and fashionable. Late in the evening we crossed Pearl River, twelve miles below Jackson, and halted to camp. The enemy was at that time engaging General Joseph

E. Johnston, who was in Jackson with an army of about thirty thousand men, and the roaring of the cannon reminded us of those that had been so lately sounding around the hills of Vicksburg. Leaving our camp near Pearl River on the morning of the 15th of July, we soon arrived at the forks of the Brandon and Enterprise roads, eight miles from the former place, where we received orders to turn our course and march to Enterprise, a distance of eighty miles farther, as General Johnston was preparing to evacuate Jackson, and would be compelled to have the use of the railroad to transport his own troops to Morton, at which place he stopped his army and established headquarters.

Our rations were then about consumed, and we subsisted until we reached Enterprise principally upon green corn. A great many of the soldiers were very feeble, from the scanty rations received while in the ditches, and upon learning that they had to travel eighty miles farther, without drawing one pound of subsistence from the government, they became discouraged, and numbers of them took horses and mules and rode them to Enterprise, without asking permission of their owners, or paying them one cent for the use of them. Chills and fever was a common complaint among the soldiers of the Vicksburg garrison, and those who had them began to fall in the rear of the command, among that number was myself.

The country through which we were then travelling is poor, level, and principally covered with pine timber, and very thinly settled; provisions of all grades were at that time extremely scarce, and the sick soldiers suffered for the want of suitable subsistence. I could hear of them dying every day during the march. The brave and skillful General James Bowen, of Missouri, expired at Clinton, Mississippi, in July, 1863. He acted bravely at the battle of Grand Gulf, and conducted himself nobly during the siege of Vicksburg; he behaved so gallantly that he won the admiration and esteem of those who knew him.

My chills and fever grew worse each day, and upon reaching a small town called Cato, I stopped, being unable to travel; at this little village, the houses of which were at that time mostly evacuated by the inhabitants, our General established a hospital, and most of the vacant houses were soon occupied by sick soldiers.



The physicians left in charge of the hospital, spared no effort in trying to get supplies for us, and failed in every attempt; our troops consumed the provision of the country from Pearl river to Enterprise; to use General Pemberton's term, they marked the country with devastation, and those travelling in the rear could scarcely obtain food enough to sustain life.

After remaining at Cato two days, I began feeling somewhat convalescent, and again took up the line of march for Enterprise, and passed through the towns of Raleigh and Garlands-ville on the route, reaching Enterprise July 22d, late in the evening.

While we were at Enterprise a passenger train came up from Mobile, to the rear of which a freight box, heavy ladened with watermelons, was attached; as soon as the cars stopped the boys made what they termed a "charge" on the load of watermelons; before the owner had time to tell the prices the boys were all around, in and on top the car; the confusion kept up during the "charge," which lasted about fifteen minutes, was quite amusing to those who were standing by as spectators; hundreds of soldiers were crowded around the box car; every one was trying to get a melon, at the same time all their voices were sounding throw me the next one; after the "charge" was over, the boys learned that the load of melons belonged to a wounded soldier, and came up and voluntarily paid him for them.

On the 24th of July we took the cars at Enterprise, Mississippi, for our homes in Georgia; proceeded to Montgomery by the way of Mobile, from thence to West-Point, Georgia, at which place we received furloughs on the 27th July, until the 13th August, at the expiration of which time we were ordered to report at Demopolis, Alabama, to enter parole camps. About one dozen officers appeared in Demopolis at the appointed time; General Stevenson then ordered us to return home and report at Atlanta on the 25th of August; a sufficient number of the command appeared at Atlanta to establish a parole camp. In September, we moved to Stone Mountain, Georgia, and during the same month we moved to Decatur, Georgia.

An exchange notice soon appeared in the public journals, that General Stevenson's division was duly exchanged on the 12th day of September, 1863.

October 1st. Orders were received to join General Bragg, who then had the enemy nearly surrounded at Chattanooga; accordingly we took the cars early that morning, and the following day we arrived at Chickamauga station, just twelve miles from Chattanooga by railway, and half that distance by wagon route.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE EAST TENNESSEE EXPEDITION.

On the 18th October the regiment marched to Tyner's station, and on the 20th it travelled on the cars to Charleston, a small town situated on the west bank of the Hiwassee river, at the point where the bridge of the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad crosses, in Bradley county, Tennessee. The enemy had destroyed the bridge, and were at that time retreating in the direction of Knoxville.

General Stevenson had under his command two divisions, his own and General Cheatham's; he advanced slowly along this line of railroad until he reached Sweet Water, where he made a temporary halt. General Stevenson was then making what he termed an East Tennessee expedition.

Our cavalry, under command of Colonel J. J. Morrison, was engaging the enemy at that time near a small railroad town called Philadelphia, just six miles distant; General Stevenson was preparing to reinforce Colonel Morrison, when he received news that Colonel Morrison had succeeded in completely routing the enemy, and taking a large number of prisoners; the enemy continued the retreat until he crossed the Tennessee river at Loudon, where he halted and established his camp along the east bank of the river; General Stevenson moved up and camped a short distance from Loudon. The two armies were then camped in plain view of each other, being only separated by the river.

On the second of November we moved from our camp near Loudon to Simpkin's Cross Roads, just seven miles in the direction of Madisonville, and on the fifth of November General Stevenson returned to Sweet Water, he being ordered to take

General Longstreet's place on the Lookout mountain, and Gen. Longstreet having orders to take his, and continue the expedition in East Tennessee.

Our brigade remained at Sweet Water, waiting for transportation until the eleventh of November, when we started for our place of destination.

On the night of the twelfth of November we camped near the foot of Lookout mountain, and the following night we moved up and took position on top; we began ascending this mountain about dark, and just before reaching our position near the summit, which commands a view of Chattanooga and the surrounding country, a grand and beautiful scene lay open to our view; it was the camp fires of General Bragg's army, numbering nearly one hundred thousand, whose encampment commenced at the foot of Lookout mountain, and extended for several miles in Chattanooga valley, near the base of Missionary Ridge. Upon gaining the very summit itself, that scene was greatly augmented, as the bright blazes from the camp fires of both armies, numbering over two hundred thousand, lay in sight. The Yankee army occupied Chattanooga, which lies in front of Lookout Point.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

Being absent on business at the time of the above named battle, which was principally fought on the 25th of November, 1863, I cannot fully record the actions of our troops during the engagement, but the following facts, furnished by E. R. Thornton, who witnessed the greater portion of that day's fight, will probably be read with some interest.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d of November, 1863, General Cumming received an order from Major General C. L. Stevenson, commanding forces on the left, to form his brigade as quickly as possible, to vacate the position which he had occupied for the previous eight or ten days on the mountain, and proceed to occupy the line which had just been vacated by General Gist, (Walker's) Division. He was at the same time



informed that Jackson's brigade, commanded by Colonel Wilkerson, would assist him in holding the line in question; owing to the bad condition of the road, number of wagons met, and the darkness, he did not reach the line until nine o'clock, P. M. Colonel Wilkerson was already in the ditches, and General Cumming's brigade fell in on the right; the following day the brigade witnessed the disaster which befell our troops on the mountain. After the mist had slowly and gradually vanished from the crest of the mountain, the heavens were clear, the moon shone with unsurpassed brilliance, and apparently smiled approvingly upon that brave but small band of patriots; at 2½ o'clock General Cumming received orders to march to the right as rapidly as possible, and report to Lieutenant General W. J. Hardee; about nine o'clock on the morning of the 25th of November, General Cumming's brigade formed line of battle on Missionary Ridge; in a short time the skirmishers of the enemy appeared in the open country, which lay some distance in front of our line; at the foot of the hill, some two hundred yards distant, stood a small collection of houses, which the enemy's skirmishers, supported by heavy columns in the rear, were advancing to take possession of; General Cummings immediately sent the Fifty-Sixth and Thirty-Ninth Georgia Regiments down to take possession of the houses; upon reaching the houses a brisk skirmish fight occurred between a brigade of Yankees and the two regiments above named, after which they retired to the top of the ridge, when Captain W. P. Milton, of the Thirty-Ninth Georgia Regiment, took command of four companies, proceeded to the houses again, set fire to them, and returned to his regiment with nine prisoners.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, our troops in the outer line were being shot down by the enemy who were completely under shelter, which rendered it necessary for a charge to be made, which was immediately performed by the Fifty-Sixth Ga. Regiment, commanded by Captain John A. Grice, and the Thirty-Sixth Ga. Regt, commanded by Capt. Jacob L. Morgan. As soon as the command "forward" was given the two regiments leaped over the men in the ditches and breastworks, and rushed on the enemy at a charge bayonet, and drove him from his annoying position, and again returned to the top of the ridge.

The enemy being somewhat impudent soon appeared at the foot of the hill again, when the charge was repeated, and the enemy was again repulsed with confusion. During the day the left and centre gave way, which made it necessary for our army to fall back, which was done under cover of the night. General Cumming's brigade retired to Dalton, and at the time I am writing, viz: 1st January, 1864, we are comfortably situated in winter quarters at the last named place. Colonel J. T. McConnell, Thirty-Ninth Georgia Regiment, was killed during the engagement. Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. Slaughter, Major J. P. Brewster, Lieutenant-Colonel A. M. Wallace, and Colonel J. A. W. Johnson, all of General Cumming's brigade, were wounded. Soon after this battle General Bragg retired from the army, and Lieutenant-General Hardee took command until General Joseph E. Johnston, to whom was assigned the command of this army, arrived and entered upon his duties.

General Cumming's brigade resolved to retrieve their character, and erase the blemish which had been wrongfully and unjustly imposed upon them at the disastrous and unfortunate battle of Baker's Creek, and led on by their intrepid commander Brig. Gen. A. Cumming, three times charged the enemy, routing him and taking several colors. Whatever may have been the issue as regards other commands, the officers and men of this brigade can look back at the battle of Missionary Ridge—can recall their repulse of every assault of the enemy, and their success in holding their position,—with the pride of soldiers, whose “strong arms and stout hearts” have entitled them to the gratitude and admiration of their country.

The following is a list of the members of the "Campbell Spartans," as originally organized. The officers have all been promoted, and James T. Loveless was elected second lieutenant, junior, on the 1st of January, 1863. Since the organization of the Fifty-Sixth Georgia Regiment, the "Campbell Spartans" have been known as company "A," Fifty-Sixth Regiment, Georgia Volunteers.

Captain J. P. Brewster.

First Lieutenant B. W. Cochran, wounded and taken prisoner, at the battle of Missionary Ridge—right leg broken.

Second Lieutenant C. M. Polk.

Second Lieutenant, junior, O. A. Cantrell.

First Sergeant W. S. Abercrombie, died at Fairburn, Georgia, June 13, 1862.

Second Sergeant W. A. Tanner, wounded at the battle of Baker's Creek.

Third Sergeant B. F. Camp, died at Chattanooga, Tennessee, September 9, 1862.

Fourth Sergeant A. M. Rogers.

Fifth Sergeant E. R. Thornton, now chief clerk at General Cumming's headquarters.

First Corporal B. D. Brewster, now Fifth Sergeant.

Second Corporal D. S. Taylor, died at Knoxville, Tennessee, July 4, 1862.

Third Corporal R. D. Nichols, died at Lexington, Kentucky, September 10, 1862.

Fourth Corporal P. A. McBride.

Private J. R. Abercrombie, hired J. L. Jones as a substitute, August 14, 1862.

Private James Allen.

Private Levi Ballard, now Commissary Sergeant, Fifty-Sixth Georgia Regiment.

Private B. F. Ballard.

Private W. M. Banks.

Private N. G. Bennetfield, died in hospital, Atlanta, Georgia, July 14, 1862.

Private W. R. H. Black, died in Knox County, Kentucky, September 17, 1862.

Private W. L. E. Boyd, enlisted August 6, 1863.

Private D. F. Brewster, now Sergeant Major, Fifty-Sixth Georgia Regiment.



Private Joel Brock.

Private Thomas Brock.

Private E. H. Camp, discharged June 13, 1862.

Private Thomas Carnes, enlisted October 10, 1863.

Private G. W. Cleckler, died at Manchester, Tennessee, December 1, 1862.

Private W. J. Cleckler, now Fifth Sergeant.

Private H. H. Cleckler.

Private C. C. Clinton.

Private W. A. Clinton.

Private Eli P. Cotton, enlisted August 6, 1863.

Private J. M. Coggin.

Private W. E. Curry.

Private J. H. Dalrymple, died at Lookout Mountain Hospital, Tennessee, in 1862.

Private J. M. Darnell, wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Missionary Ridge, November 23, 1863.

Private J. T. Darnell.

Private P. E. Demoney.

Private James Dunlap, died at Petersburg, Virginia, August 27, 1863.

Private David Eidson, now Second Corporal.

Private James Eidson, died at Vicksburg, Mississippi, July 11, 1863.

Private T. S. Ellis.

Private Matthew Endsley, died at Lookout Mountain Hospital, Tennessee, in 1862.

Private J. H. Gibson.

Private J. T. Giles.

Private Thomas Gill, died at Knoxville, Tennessee, in October, 1863.

Private W. P. Ginnings.

Private G. W. Griffith, killed in Campbell County, Georgia, August 22, 1863.

Private J. L. Harper, transferred from Company "I" to "A," January 1, 1864.

Private R. M. Hartsfield.

Private G. W. Hartsfield, died in Campbell County, Georgia, July 1, 1862.

Private J. N. Hicks, wounded and taken prisoner at the bat-

tle of Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863,—foot was amputated.

Private J. E. Hicks.

Private E. E. Horton, enlisted December 2, 1863.

Private W. A. Hunt, enlisted October 10, 1863.

Private Alfred Hunter, enlisted August 14, 1862.

Private J. T. Hunter.

Private J. M. Huey, enlisted June 13, 1863,—wounded and taken prisoner November 25, 1863.

Private T. J. Howard.

Private T. C. Holloway.

Private James Johnson, died in Coweta County, Georgia, November 14, 1863.

Private James M. Johnson, transferred from Company "I" to Company "A," January 1, 1864.

Private James Jones, received in the company August 14, 1862, as a substitute for J. R. Abercrombie.

Private John N. Jones.

Private Thomas G. Laton.

Private A. M. Lee.

Private J. A. Lindsey.

Private J. T. Loveless.

Private J. M. Lowry, died at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, October 28, 1862.

Private J. G. Mason.

Private C. S. McElreath.

Private J. P. McKelvey.

Private C. A. McKinly.

Private B. F. McKoy, now Third Corporal.

Private W. A. McLarty, died at Tazewell, Tennessee, November 6, 1862.

Private J. H. McLarty.

Private A. D. McLarty, died at Lookout Mountain Hospital, Tennessee, August 10, 1862.

Private B. G. Miller.

Private K. B. Mobbs.

Private Henry Morris.

Private A. J. Morris.

Private W. M. Morris, died at Loudon, Tennessee, November 14, 1862.

Private J. W. Morris, transferred to company I, January 1st, 1864.

Private David McWilliams.

Private W. J. Payne.

Private W. H. Polk, died at Tazewell, Tennessee, November 5, 1862.

Private H. C. Phillips.

Private J. A. Rogers, died in Campbell county, Georgia, September 18, 1862.

Private W. H. H. Rogers, now Third Sergeant.

Private W. W. Shadix.

Private W. H. Shadix.

Private Cicero Serret.

Private Sandford Serrett, enlisted December 3, 1862.

Private A. McSmith.

Private George M. Souter.

Private J. H. Stephens.

Private W. T. Stewart, now First Corporal.

Private Henry Strickland.

Private Levi S. Strickland.

Private Joseph Suttles.

Private D. G. Suttles, now Fourth Corporal.

Private Wm. Teal, died at Chattanooga, Tennessee, about 1st of August, 1862.

Private John W. Terry, now First Sergeant.

Private John W. Thomas.

Private Balam Thomas, enlisted December 3, 1862.

Private C. C. Tolbert, substitute for Thomas A. Enterkin.

Private Eli Vansant, died in Campbell county, Georgia, July 30, 1862.

Private Emanuel Vansant, died at Lookout Mountain Hospital, Tennessee, August 10, 1862.

Private Noah Vansant.

Private F. M. Wilkerson.

Private Samuel J. White.

Private John C. White, wounded on the 8th and died on the 15th January, 1863, at Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Private D. P. Woodruff.

Private J. M. Wright.

Private Isaac C. Wright.



Accept with pleasure by the undersigned

My respects to the  
Fair Seneca

Flemming Rags  
formally of Phil. Pa.  
Society of New Orleans  
La



